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THE OTHER DE GAULLE

Michael Harrington

KENNEDY THE CATHOLIC

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CHINA'S PUSH IN AFRICA

John K. Cooley

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Attack on Poverty

NO ONE denies that government has become so large that permanent vigilance is necessary to root out duplication and waste. And so President Johnson's economy campaign is welcome. There is, however, some basis to wonder what effect this campaign will have on the President's "war on poverty."

The basic facts about poverty, unemployment and the maldistribution of wealth in America are familiar. Thirty-six million Americans are now members of families earning less than $3,000 a year. Although the economy is expanding, unemployment hovers at 6 percent of the work force—much of it hardening into structural unemployment that threatens to split off from the national life a caste of the unskilled, uneducated and demoralized. Economists warn us that unless major steps are taken we can expect ten million or more on the unemployment lists by 1970.

The problem was alarmingly clear to President Kennedy—unemployment, he said, is "the major domestic challenge of the sixties." Though Mr. Kennedy was hemmed in by the political and social myths that react against national spending on a national problem, there were indications that major initiatives would have been forthcoming had he lived. Now it is Mr. Johnson's problem and it is not certain what action we can expect. It is, however, regrettable that so much of the speculation about his commitment to economy has been allowed to center on the size of the Federal budget. Whatever sensible reductions he can make in the budget, it is doubtful whether any realistic plan to combat poverty and unemployment could be offset by those savings. The cost of curing this national sickness is simply going to mean larger budgets.

According to the lingering nineteenth-century myths, unemployment and poverty are due to a lack of personal initiative or too big a tax bite from industry, which presumably could expand and hire more if government didn't cut so heavily into its earnings. The second myth overlooks the fact that industry's profits have been soaring—they are up 40 percent since mid-1961—while unemployment remains a massive problem. The first myth ignores the fact that a modern economy produces its own dislocations, and often on a scale that cannot be linked to personal character defects. As the *New Republic* said recently, "When the poor are between a fifth and a third of the nation, to say that their poverty is their own fault would amount to a national indictment. A country with 36 million bums would surely have to hang its head."

The Horatio Alger vision of economic success awaiting any poor man with sufficient drive is comforting, but irrelevant. Drive and initiative will not suffice for an entire class if a discrepancy is allowed to arise between the type of labor supplied and demanded. Though private industry has made strides in training people for the needs of a high-powered economy, the training has benefited, almost totally, those already employed. The unemployed have had to sit by and watch the widening of the gap between what they are equipped to do and what industry demands of its workers.

JOHN KENNETH Galbraith, on the theory that the well-educated will never be poor, has proposed that the Federal government attack poverty by supplying first-rate school systems for the one hundred poorest communities in the nation. The idea has provoked criticisms: that the communities involved are unlikely to benefit if, as expected, the products of these educational facilities migrate to better developed areas; and that such a program would be too minor for the needs and might tend to undermine support for broader Federal assistance to education.

Then, too, education is not the total answer. If everyone in the nation held a college degree, the present economy might still leave millions unem-

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ployed. Education and job-training are a part, but the economy as a whole must be stimulated to a higher level, and the primary responsibility here is the Federal government's.

Writing in the New York *Times*, James Reston reports more and more talk within the Administration about programs to enlarge job opportunities, particularly about attacking the worst pockets of poverty and unemployment on an emergency basis. He also feels that this spot planning happens to fit President Johnson's approach to most problems. Wherever the President begins, his task is to break down the simplistic division of politicians into "spenders" and "savers," and lead the country to an awareness that the best kind of saving, of human and industrial potential, often involves some expensive spending. For this reason, among others, we would prefer his "saving" campaign more if it were expressed to the public with a few necessary distinctions.

Advance Toward Unity

EVER SINCE General de Gaulle blocked Britain's admittance to the European Economic Community, anxiety has grown as to his intentions. This was greatly heightened when he set December 31 as the deadline for a general policy agreement on farm products—and placed the whole six-nation organization in jeopardy. At times it looked as if years of joint achievement and the growing prospect of a united Europe might be jettisoned. If only because it has set such fears to rest, the agreement reached in Brussels December 23 could hardly be more welcome.

This manifestation of the General's characteristic intransigence stemmed from several causes. France is the largest agricultural producer and exporter of the Six. Its farmers are more efficient and produce at lower cost than their German counterparts. And the Gaullist regime has encountered its greatest internal opposition from its hard-pressed rural constituents. To have its surplus produce unhindered by tariff walls and circulating freely within the European Economic Community is of great moment to France.

For the Germans the problem is quite different. Proficient as manufacturers, they are primarily interested in wider markets for their industrial exports. As they have more than Europe in mind, they are strong advocates, with the United States, of general tariff reduction. Agreement on an eventual single agricultural economy for the Community is a victory for France, but the delegates also agreed "in principle" on a fifty percent tariff reduction as a basis for the "Kennedy round" negotiations next May on lower trade barriers.

With the EEC now happily saved from dissolution, there is a new upsurge of hope for further steps toward union, in the political, military and cultural fields. As intimated above, General de Gaulle's stand appears to have been largely motivated by his own nation's and regime's immediate needs. But he does have his own vision of a Europe the equal, and quite independent, of America. He might turn strong supporter of a more unified EEC, if he saw it as a means of achieving such strength and independence.

From the days of the Marshall Plan the United States has favored a strong, united Western Europe. We welcome the fact that the latest agreement at Brussels has kept the Community intact and prepared the way for further progress, even though it will curtail the markets for certain American farm products. So far President Johnson has manifested an interest in freer international trade; if he gets fully behind the "Kennedy round" reductions at Geneva, with Germany and other supporters of expanding world trade, the EEC will surmount what probably constitutes an even greater challenge.

Peace as Motion

"THE tranquility and security of peace," Pope Paul said in his Christmas message, "are the product of the well-ordered movement of component parts, rather than something static and fixed—peace in well-balanced motion." The pertinence of the Pope's observation is evident. After a fashion, there is peace in the world, give or take a few dreary clashes. But it is peace only in the negative sense: the absence of open war between East and West. There is no security in this peace, no tranquility; it is a static balance of power, "based," in the Pope's words, "more on fear than on friendship."

Yet if the peace we now have is static, if we lack a "well-balanced motion," it is nonetheless true that history at least is on the move. What one could say of the relations between the nations ten or fifteen years ago, one cannot say with equal precision today. A decade back, for instance, it made some sense to talk of the liberation of the captive nations behind the iron curtain. So, too, it was not wholly unreasonable to hope for massive revolutions—in China or in the satellite nations—which would throw off Communist tyranny.

Now we know better. We know that the Western powers, sensibly enough, are not willing to risk nuclear war to support popular uprisings. We know also that such uprisings are less and less likely; and

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Hungary taught us that they can't succeed. The motion of history has thus changed our perspective on the viability of externally imposed Communist regimes: they can and do remain in power. This has been one direction of contemporary life. It has burned to ashes some long-cherished Western illusions.

But it is not the only direction, a point well made by George F. Kennan in the January issue of *Foreign Affairs*. In an article entitled "Polycentrism and Western Policy," Mr. Kennan argues that the choice facing the West in its policies toward Communist countries is whether to remain fixed in "its quixotic commitment to a highly unlikely violent revolution" (which will mean either a world war or "an indefinite period of . . . oppressive Communist regimes"); or to accept as a goal "the less ambitious but more promising prospect of a relaxation of the severity of those regimes."

The choice, Mr. Kennan believes, is a meaningful one. For the central fact of world Communism today is that it has changed from a monolithic unity centered in Moscow to a polycentric movement, nothing less in fact than an "uneasy alliance between two ideologically similar commonwealths; one grouped around the Soviet Union, the other around China." Moreover, he points out, the Eastern satellite nations, profiting from the defection of Yugoslavia in 1948, have gradually managed to "shape their own internal economic and social institutions along more liberal lines, or at least individualistic lines."

The problem facing the West is that of finding a way to exploit this development, not only for the obvious tactical purpose of profiting from disunity, but also for the high moral purposes of avoiding war and offering some realistic hope to the captive peoples themselves. But this cannot be done, Mr. Kennan believes, unless the West acts in such a way as to make possible a more meaningful coexistence than we now have. Whatever merit they have from another point of view, the rearmament of West Germany, a policy of avowed liberation, and a Common Market policy which does not envision cooperation with the satellite nations, all stand in the way of a positive, that is, open and flexible, response to Communist polycentrism.

No doubt it is possible to find flaws in Mr. Kennan's argument. What we like about it, however is that it shows both common sense and imagination. It is a viewpoint which accepts, as we do, the idea that a war to the death between the West and Communism is little more than insanity masked as morality. More than that, it holds out the hope of that "well-balanced motion" which Pope Paul sees as the key to peace.

WASHINGTON REPORT

The G.O.P. in '64

AS 1964 BEGINS, the Republican Party is in bad shape, but its hopes are reviving. Before the death of President Kennedy, the Republican Presidential nomination had not appeared particularly valuable. Only the most convinced followers of Senator Barry Goldwater believed there was a good chance of unseating President Kennedy.

Governor Nelson Rockefeller had announced his candidacy because he had persuaded himself that his best hope of getting the nomination in 1968, when it might be valuable, was to win it in 1964 and make a respectable showing. He is also a sturdy optimist about his own prospects, despite his streak of caution. Aside from the personal considerations, Rockefeller was determined not to let the Goldwaterites capture his party and tie its future to the dying cause of segregation. If he could not win the nomination for himself, Rockefeller believed he might at least block Goldwater and force the convention to write an acceptable platform.

Unfortunately, prior to Mr. Kennedy's death, few other liberal and middle-of-the-road Republicans were willing to join Rockefeller in actively carrying through this responsible course of action. The mild defeatism about the party's chances made many of them indifferent. Some of them were beguiled by the thought that since the party was going to lose anyway, they might as well let Goldwater and the right wing take the blame. In this way, it was thought, the party might get Goldwaterism out of its system.

As a result of these attitudes, the liberals and moderates in the Republican Party are not favorably positioned to dominate the party now that control is once again worth having. They are much worse off in morale and organization than they were at this time twelve years ago when the forces of Eisenhower and Taft staged the last battle for control of the party.

It is not generally recognized how far the Goldwater men have gone in taking over the leadership of the Republican Party. Representative William Miller, the chairman of the Republican National Committee, is a New Yorker but no friend of Rockefeller. The sentiment of the committee's staff is overwhelmingly pro-Goldwater. The committee's most heavily financed division is "Operation Dixie" which works to build the party

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in the South. Miller recently stated that $600,000 has already been invested in Operation Dixie and that its budget rises each year. This expenditure contrasts with the meager sums spent on the Labor and Minorities Divisions, each of which has only one staff member. Liberal Republicans are distressed because this Southern drive is a lily-white affair and appeals to right-wing segregationist opinion. In November, at a meeting of Southern Republicans in Charleston, South Carolina, Wirt Yeager, an extreme segregationist from Mississippi who is the party's Southern regional chairman, attacked Senator Everett Dirksen for "selling out" to the Democrats on civil rights and the test-ban treaty.

Donald Lukens, the national chairman of the Young Republicans, helped organize Goldwater-for-President Clubs for several months after he was elected to his party post. Acording to *Advance,* a magazine published by a group of young liberal Republicans, "Lukens continues to speak at pro-Goldwater gatherings such as the recent national convention of the Young Americans for Freedom (YAF). When Lukens was unable to keep a recent speaking engagement, he sent as his substitute a prominent organizational spokesman for YAF, Fred Coldren, who had spent the previous night at a John Birch Society meeting. One sign of how far things have progressed is the fact that the new full-time Director of the Young Republicans' college branch, Art Groesbeck, an associate of Coldren's in YAF, is being paid not by the Republican National Committee but by an outside group of Goldwater supporters."

On Capitol Hill, Rep. John Byrnes of Wisconsin is chairman of the Republican House Policy Committee. Byrnes, until he was embarrassed by the disclosure of his quick profits in the stock of an insurance company for which he had obtained a favorable Treasury Department tax ruling in 1960, had been planning to run as Wisconsin's "favorite son" in this spring's Presidential primary. As a favorite son, he would have been a front man for Goldwater. Byrnes's staff assistant on the Policy Committee is Philip Brennan who, under the *nom de plume* "Cato," writes a regular column for *National Review.*

The House and Senate Republican Campaign Committees, which have independent budgets and raise large sums for GOP congressional candidates, are also under the control of Goldwater people. Goldwater was for several years chairman of the Senate group. Victor Johnson, who was his chief aide at the committee, is still there and regularly attends meetings of the National Draft Goldwater Committee.

Liberal Republicans also note that in many states, the members of various "radical right" fringe groups, such as the John Birch Society, the Patrick Henry Group, and We the People!, have used the Goldwater candidacy as a vehicle to become prominent in party affairs, particularly in the Southwest and Far West.

In evaluating this evidence, however, one has to remember that in 1952, the Taft forces lost at the convention even though they controlled the Republican National Committee, were strong with Republicans in the House and Senate, and could rig party decisions for their own purposes. On the other hand, the liberals and moderates in the party do not have any candidate today who remotely approaches General Eisenhower in personal glamour and drawing power. Moreover, Goldwater, although much less brainy and able than Taft was, has greater personal appeal. He arouses enthusiasm where Taft commanded respect.

The accession of Lyndon Johnson, a Southerner, has almost wrecked the "Southern strategy" on which Goldwater's candidacy had been premised. He no longer can plausibly hold out to Republicans the hope that he would sweep the solid South. They must again look to the pivotal states of the North for their winning combination.

The primaries have now become more important than before. If Goldwater wins the primaries, he probably cannot be stopped for the nomination. He has a hard core of 400 delegates already committed to him from the South and Southwest. There are another 100 delegates who will be for him if they think he can make it. (A total of 655 votes is needed to win the nomination.) If he demonstrates through victories in New Hampshire, Oregon, and California that Northern Republicans want him, Goldwater will be very far in front.

The primaries are likewise Governor Rockefeller's only hope. He has to prove that not only do the voters prefer his progressive ideas but also that his divorce and re-marriage are not a severe handicap at the polls. A string of unbroken primary victories, however, would not be enough to gain him the nomination. His hard core support is much smaller than that of Senator Goldwater.

Party sentiment would have to coalesce around him again the way it had begun to do before his re-marriage. He has many assets, not all of them financial. He is governor of a large state, has long experience in national affairs, and is the party's best campaigner. He has a coherent and comprehensive program. These advantages should make him the preferred choice over the two most likely compromise candidates: Richard Nixon, twice-defeated and rather shopworn, and Governor William Scranton of Pennsylvania, whose experience in public office is quite thin. But that nebulous moral issue hangs over the Rockefeller candidacy. Unless and until it is decisively dissolved, he cannot move into the commanding position. And, meanwhile, the Goldwaterites press forward eagerly.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

(Mr. Shannon is The Commonweal's regular correspondent in Washington.)

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His Obsessions Are Dangerous and Reactionary but Also Quite Contemporary

The Other De Gaulle

MICHAEL HARRINGTON

THERE ARE two Charles de Gaulles. The first, beloved of cartoonists, is a cantankerous, willful, individualistic remnant of the nineteenth century, constantly talking of honor and grandeur, and retaining respectful relations with the Count of Paris. It is this De Gaulle who is most familiar to American newspaper readers and to political analysts. His actions are usually explained psychologically, as in a recent speech by Senator Fulbright: in this view he acts from "wounded pride," he has "doubt and distrust as to the motives of American policy."

The second De Gaulle is not a reincarnation of Napoleon III, but a technocrat, a peculiarly modern authoritarian and a shrewd international tactician. His obsessions—the reunification of Indo-China under French aegis, the refusal to sign the Moscow Treaty, the passion for a *force de frappe*—are dangerous and reactionary, but also quite contemporary. In focusing upon this second De Gaulle, I do not want to suggest that the first does not exist. Rather, one must confront an extraordinarily complex personality in which the avant-garde lives with the anachronistic.

The most striking aspect of the second De Gaulle is his technocratic economic and social policy. Strangely enough, De Gaulle inherited a booming growth rate when he returned to power. The fact is curious because it is hard to believe that the Fourth Republic, that incredibly unstable game of parliamentary roulette, could have been efficient in anything. But between 1954 and 1957, production in France increased at a rate of almost six percent a year, a figure which put the country near the top of the Western growth chart. There were many reasons for this—dividends from post-War austerity and investment, exports, a stable population, are a few among them.

In part, then, De Gaulle's economic success has been a piece of luck: his *coup* took place at exactly the right moment as far as production was concerned. But even more interesting is the way in which De Gaulle used his opportunity. When De Gaulle took power, he had some support from the official left, i. e., a section of Mollet's Socialist Party voted for his return. But he was, of course, essentially a candidate of the French right, of *Algérie Francaise* and "sound business principles" in the economy. It was quite according to schedule that Antoine Pinay, a representative of the conventional wisdom, should take over the Ministry of Finance. It was not, however, quite so predictable that Pinay would resign after a year in office with a bitter statement against the statists and *dirigistes* within the regime. This was only the prelude to a development in which De Gaulle would summon up the "mysticism of the plan" (the phrase is Philippe Bauchard's).

Michel Debré was widely identified in France as the Gaullist who personified this technocratic trend. He has been variously identified as the Richard Nixon of his country and as a conservative Jacobin. It may, or may not, have been Debré who gave the formulations to the ideas, but even after he temporarily disappeared from the political scene, the General continued to act upon them. At De Gaulle's press conference this July —the one in which he followed up his previous No to England on the Common Market with a No to both the United States and Russia on the Moscow Treaty— he made an extremely sharp statement of his planning theme. To a large extent, it was lost in all the reportage on his attitude toward nuclear testing.

"THE STATE," De Gaulle told the reporters, "is obliged to lead this immense movement [of the economy]. The state orients it, plans it, executes it, and pays for most of it. The state is charged with expanding the national economy, with dividing the fruits of progress among the various groups . . . and with raising the living standard on a constant and regular basis." In this new vision of a social contract, De Gaulle affirmed that all sectors of the society had participated in the elaboration of the plan, and that therefore all sectors should follow it. (Those who do not were dismissed as "agitators.") The last point is a rather marvelous overstatement given the fact that of those who wrote the Fourth Plan, between seven and eight percent represented the workers and peasant unionists, and about ninety three percent were from business and government.

MICHAEL HARRINGTON, author of *The Other America* and a frequent contributor to this magazine, spent the last year in Europe.

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It was clear at the time that De Gaulle's technocratic sermon was primarily addressed to coal miners and other public employees (gas and electricity, the Paris subway, etc.) who had engaged in strike activity in the winter and spring of 1963. And, even though the democratic and completely harmonious utopia which the General evoked is remote, to put it mildly, his words were not simply a reactionary evasion of social responsibility. De Gaulle believes in planning and, even though he came to power with the support of the French right, he has taken the plan much more seriously than the Socialist Guy Mollet ever did.

To state this point, is not to endorse De Gaulle's technocratic policies. Many analysts have not read the fine print of power at the bottom of the sweeping declarations. It is rather to argue that De Gaulle cannot be wished away as a nineteenth-century reactionary, a sort of Salazar with a big country. And more pertinently, it means that Gaullism, as a historical trend, is not as mortal as its spokesman. French planning is right now being carefully eyed by the British and, even though the Labour Party constitutes a powerful enough opposition and near-government to keep the phenomenon from moving exactly in the French pattern, this is a most significant emulation.

"How can you rule," André Malraux is supposed to have asked President Kennedy when he was in Washington with the Mona Lisa, "without controlling the television networks?" If De Gaulle's man of culture did not say this, he should have. For it expresses a deep policy attitude on the part of the present French government, an anti-civil libertarianism which is directly related to the advocacy of technocratic planning.

At first glance, the repression of democratic liberties in France might seem to be a simple consequence of the state of internal siege occasioned by the Algerian war. Most of the extreme laws, from the "special powers" accorded to Guy Mollet when he was Premier (the Communists voted in favor) down to the 1963 statute which permits holding political prisoners for more than a week without any charges against them, were justified by the "struggle against subversion." That they were initially used against the Algerian independence left and then against the French Algerian right is only a typical French detail. It is now obvious that the great political turmoil over Algeria is largely past. Yet police in Paris still stop people on the streets at night to check their papers. This is explained as part of a drive against muggers rather than against the OAS. But the fact is simply that there has been no let-up in the essential anti-libertarianism of the regime.

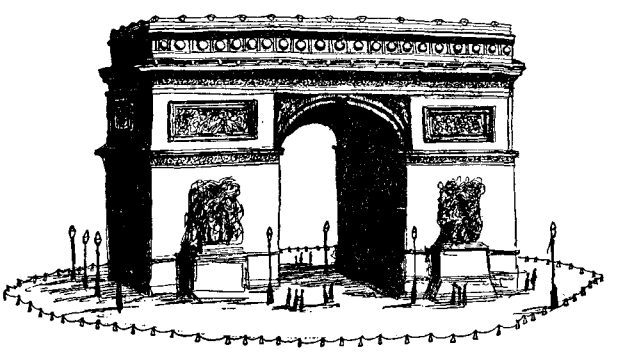
The French communications system is state-controlled. When I taped a program on the American civil-rights movement for Swiss television in Geneva, I was told that the French a few miles away would not be able to see it. The news broadcasts give a Government line and there is a legendary bulletin which summarizes the extent of this practice: "There is no political news today. The General is out of Paris." But, even more insidiously, it is also the Government-run radio and television which reports on anti-Government news.

As a result, on one occasion, Guy Mollet complained in a recent speech at Amsterdam, the French Socialists were forced to buy time on Radio Luxembourg in order to make a statement to their own nation. The alternative was to allow their position to be interpreted by the Gaullist communications network and to come out in unrecognizable form. This kind of situation goes a long way to explain the extraordinary success of the General in recent elections in the face of the widespread hostility of the press, and all of the political parties.

THIS policy is not one more standard example of a French penchant for cutting the edges of democracy. (The Parliamentarians of the Fourth Republic, now complaining bitterly over the General's domination of television, themselves perfected the art of seizing opposition newspapers when they printed offending articles.) It goes much deeper than that. In part, it derives from an extremely shrewd understanding that television has become the decisive means of communication in a modern society. Another Malraux *mot* has it that if Lenin were alive today, he would first capture the TV station. But even more significantly, this anti-libertarianism is related to De Gaulle's technocratic conceptions.

What De Gaulle has done is to adapt the plebiscitarian ideas of the developing nations to an advanced society. In the planned economy, he believes that the Government represents the whole people; the parties and the opponents of the regime are "agitators," the expression of narrow interests. The referendum constitutes a dialogue between the population and the regime. The General speaks, the people reply, Yes or No. And television is, of course, the perfect medium for this conversation. At one stroke, the populace can listen to Authority on the little screen and, bypassing parliamentary conflict, respond at the ballot box.

The second Charles De Gaulle, then, has not only understood the enormous potential of television (a



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thought which has occurred to every practicing politician in the modern world); he has integrated this new medium into a political theory and practice of his own.

But it is in foreign policy even more than in economics or in communication that the strange union of the two Charles De Gaulles is crucial to an understanding of the French position. On Indo-China, for instance, it would seem at a glance that the first De Gaulle is utterly dominant. In a fine nationalistic mood he has evoked the historic and cultural ties between Vietnam and France. In a mood of grandeur, he has proposed nothing less than replacing an American sphere of influence with a French one. In August, the General had made his initial moves, offering to unite the Indo-Chinese under his aegis. In November, after Diem was overthrown, the De Gaulle Government announced that it was "more than ever" in favor of this solution.

At the same time, the General was carrying on a flirtation with the Communist Chinese. Edgar Faure is reliably reported to have been communicating his conversations in Peking to the Elysee Palace. There is now talk of an even greater increase in trade between Communist China and France (the volume has doubled in two years), of commercial missions, the opening of consular offices and, finally, recognition of Mao's regime. Such actions might appear to be the result of a pure petulance, an irresponsible desire to "get even" with the United States. And one can understand Senator Fulbright treating them in exactly this way.

But how does this analysis of De Gaulle square with his action during the Cuban crisis of the fall of 1962? As Nora Beloff recounts the story in her excellent book on the British negotiation with the Common Market, Paris gave unquestioning support to Kennedy's unilateral action at that time. Is the Indo-Chinese proposal and the Chinese flirtation a reversal of policy?

The clue to this puzzle is in a statement made by the second Charles de Gaulle at his July press conference. The rejection of the Moscow Treaty received all the attention, and this seemed to confirm the picture of an irascible romantic bent on asserting his country's importance. Yet, in the course of explaining himself the General made it clear that, in a way, he shares the assumption that led President Kennedy to negotiate with the Russians in the first place: that a major change in the shape and balance of world power is now taking place.

After the War, De Gaulle said, France and all of Europe were dependent on the United States, economically and militarily. This resulted in a tight, combat alliance necessarily dominated by the United States, the strongest partner. Now, De Gaulle continued, the fundamental economic relationship has altered and so must the politics and military strategy. France, and Europe, are no longer the welfare clients of America. At the same time, there is a conflict between the empires of Russia and China (De Gaulle believes in nations, not ideologies).

It is this most empirical assessment of the international situation which gives a consistency to De Gaulle's Asian and Cuban policies. When, as in the fall of 1962, the cold-war polarities assert themselves and East and West are on a collision course, France acts as a soldier in the NATO alliance. When the issue is, as De Gaulle apparently feels is the case in Vietnam, one of a dispute within the alliance on how to handle a given problem, France will follow its own independent policy and demand a respect in keeping with its new strength.

The specific conclusions which De Gaulle draws from this argument, like his refusal to sign the Moscow Treaty, are dangerous and reactionary. Yet, and this is the crucial point, they are not simply arbitrary or romantic, they cannot be dismissed as a political neurosis. The shrewd and very modern intelligence of the second De Gaulle has understood that there is now room for maneuver. This judgment then gives the first De Gaulle an opportunity for the pursuit of French grandeur. When he acts in this way, many of his countrymen, and even some of his opponents, will applaud. Predictably, *France-Observateur*, a major publication on the French left, greeted the Indo-Chinese coup with an article titled, "How the Americans Liquidated M. Nhu," which concluded that the French had not let anyone assassinate *their* puppet, Boa Dai, when he was overthrown.

Placed in this context, De Gaulle's independence is not the quirk of a grandiloquent personality. It is one expression of changes within both the NATO alliance and the international situation, and one might suspect that Paris will not be the only capital to take advantage of these developments. After all, both the Chinese Communists and the British Tories share De Gaulle's thesis about nuclear weapons as a necessary status symbol of a Big Power. Mao is outraged that Khrushchev denied him his Bomb; and in England the Conservatives are now justifying their deterrent on the grounds that it was an admission ticket to the Moscow negotiations (the role of peacemaker is apparently reserved to those nations capable of destroying the globe, and to them alone). It is not surprising that De Gaulle has seized the moment to assert his own claims with regard to the *force de frappe* and Vietnam.

It is a historical accident of some consequence that the General looks like a man who was invented by a caricaturist. If he were not so unmistakably angular and stiff, if his nose were not so irresistible to the cartoonist, there might not be such a tendency to reduce him to simple psychological categories. The first De Gaulle is obvious and he exists. But the second De Gaulle, technocrat, master of the television plebiscite and a canny international tactician, is the more important of the two.

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Kennedy the Catholic

JOHN COGLEY

NOW, after his tragic death and less than a full term in the White House, it is possible to see that John Fitzgerald Kennedy served his Church as brilliantly as he served his country. He did so, not by being the first Catholic President but by being the first American President who was a Catholic. The distinction was clear in the President's mind from the first days of his campaign and he observed it loyally throughout his years in the White House.

Five years ago, in a controversial article for *Look*, he stated that whatever his personal religious views might be, nothing transcended an officeholder's obligation to uphold the Constitutional oath. There was an outcry in the religious press at the time, not only the Catholic but certain sections of the Protestant press as well, reminding Mr. Kennedy that God is to be served before man and that the Christian conscience is to be obeyed before the Constitution. The reminders were unnecessary. Mr. Kennedy, though he certainly was no theologian, had a steady grasp of basic Christian morality. The statement appearing in *Look* was carefully worded, especially the term "officeholder."

Mr. Kennedy's problem was that he overestimated the political, and perhaps even the theological, sophistication of his co-religionists. What he wanted to say of course was that ours is a government of laws not of men and that the President can not, even in the name of his personal conscience, set aside the Constitution. Later, in his confrontation with the Houston ministers, Kennedy spelled out his position more clearly, stating unequivocally that if as President he ever felt conscientiously obliged to act contrary to the Constitution, he would resign rather than betray the oath of office. He added with considerable vigor that he anticipated no such difficulty nor was he ready to concede that there would be any conflict between his Catholic conscience and the oath of office.

John F. Kennedy was never at ease with what-would-you-do abstractionism of this kind, and he frequently showed his impatience with it. To be sure, he had to take account of it in order to get elected, but his natural inclination was to put a much higher premium on the pragmatic and the historical and what his theological critics would call prudence but which he thought of simply as politics. These personal predilections were at once a handicap and a strength to the first American Catholic elected President.

They were a handicap, especially during the campaign when he was required to talk rather than act. He had to state his position incessantly, but the terms of the argument shaped by the theological-minded were simply not within his frame of reference. "It is hard for a Harvard man to answer questions in theology," he wrote to me once. "I imagine my answers will cause heartburn at Fordham and B.C. (Boston College)."

As a result of this shyness in an unfamiliar intellectual world, his Catholicism was at first widely suspect. Catholics, ignorant of or hostile to the intellectual climate of a Harvard, were as uncomfortable with Kennedy's pragmatism as he was with the scholastic-flavored thought of the Catholic universities. Protestants, starting from their own stereotypes of how a "good" Catholic should operate intellectually, were put off, as were a good many Jewish and humanist intellectuals. When Kennedy first began to be taken seriously as a contender for the White House, not a few Catholics were disappointed that one who was so untypical had reached such prominence as a spokesman for their community. Certain Protestants talked the same way. More than one was heard to say that he wished that if there were to be a Catholic President, it would have been a "good Catholic" rather than Kennedy. The name of another, more theologically sophisticated politico was frequently cited as the kind they had in mind.

But after the President got to the White House, emphasis on his faith was muted. If the school question had not flared up as it did, the religious issue might have been quietly buried. But this of course did not happen automatically. The President himself always had to take into consideration that his religion was a factor that might cause a blow-up at any time. He went to some pains not to show any signs of favoritism or to give any indication that he was dominated by the hierarchy of the Church. Inevitably, this circumspection was churlishly noted from time to time in the Catholic press. As some had predicted before his election, Protestants, as well as Catholics, began to say that Catholic influence was weaker under Mr. Kennedy than it would have been under a man of a different faith.

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Catholics, then, had to pay a price for the fact that one of their body sat in the White House. Theodore Sorensen admitted as much in a lecture at Columbia, when he acknowledged that President Kennedy was handicapped by the circumstances of his being the first Catholic in the White House when it came to dealing with Federal aid to parochial schools. From the very first days of the campaign, the President gave it as his opinion that such aid would be deemed unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. But until the end, the suspicion lingered in Catholic minds that because the issue was politically explosive for Kennedy, they would have fared better in getting it tested under a non-Catholic President.

Despite his lack of interest in abstract theological matters, though, John F. Kennedy probably had more influence on the future of the American Church than any Catholic, lay or clerical, in the history of the nation.

THERE ARE, first and foremost, the sheer facts of his life. He was the quintessential modern man, a product of the twentieth century, gifted with a good mind, a graduate of the most respected schools, a sophisticate, and a universally admired statesman. He had a horror of the pietistic and avoided moralism as if it were poison. (The only "un-American" traits in his character.) Yet, his Catholicity was as much a part of him as his modernity. He wore both of them as unself-consciously and elegantly as he wore his London clothes. John F. Kennedy was a living refutation of the argument of those who used to hold that Catholicism was an anachronism in the modern age. He did not claim to be a saint, nor was he ever mistaken for one, but he was a man of faith and of steady, unspectacular loyalty to his Church. Finally, he died an authentic hero in the minds of millions of young Americans. That will go a long way toward shaping the image of Catholicism in the years ahead.

Secondly, whatever theoretical issues remain to be solved, President Kennedy showed by his career that American Catholicism as a matter of fact has long since come to terms with religious pluralism. Not even his bitterest critics ever accused him of personal prejudice, and the only serious criticism of his handling of religious issues during his years in the White House came from fellow Catholics. Certainly now the symbolic exclusion of Catholics from the highest office in the land has come to an end. Nor, after John F. Kennedy, can one imagine the nation embroiled in the kind of controversy that swirled around his candidacy only four years ago.

Finally—and this is a more controvertible personal view of mine—President Kennedy more than any other leader rescued the day-by-day politics that makes democracy possible from the disdain in which it had been held in America. Only a few years ago, there was a disturbing poll taken which showed that a very high percentage of Americans regarded politics as a dirty business unfit for their children. I doubt that a similar finding would be turned up today. For Kennedy took public pride and satisfaction in his vocation, and he did not identify his calling merely with the proposal of noble goals but also with the hard work and earthy craft necessary to turn those goals into reality. This latter meant compromise, frustration, wheels and deals, and above all the responsible use of power. And the President employed all these means shamelessly and candidly. Frequently in doing so he brought down upon his head the charge of being cynical, timid, power-hungry and shallow. Ideologues on both left and right found him anathema. Purists and utopians, who forever confuse rhetoric with leadership and propositions with proposals, frequently expressed their "disappointment" with him, though their expectations from the beginning were minimal. But lead he did, and as became clear at the time of his death, he also educated millions of people to the realities of the nuclear age.

It was here, I believe, that he made his most distinctive "Catholic" contribution to American life. Not that he was selfconsciously Catholic in his attitude toward the uses of power. If his approach to this difficult problem was essentially Thomistic, as I believe, it was a Thomism learned not in a classroom but absorbed from his Irish forebears who were untutored in philosophical schools but were blessedly free of the burdens posed by a "Moral Man, Immoral Society" view of the political order. The criticism might justly be made of that generation of politicians that they were too little aware of the corruptive tendencies attached to the possession of power. But, to their credit, it can also be said that they never flinched from political responsibility nor did they think of themselves as less worthy Christians because they had to face up to the consequences of original sin in public life.

The traditional American religious attitude, on the contrary, had never quite come to terms with the responsibilities of power. It had accepted Lord Acton's famous phrase as a dictum rather than a warning. Acton said that power *tends* to corrupt; he did not say that power is itself an evil thing, though that is how he is usually interpreted. His insight resulted from a Catholic not a Calvinistic view of life.

So deeply rooted in the American mind was the idea of power itself as corruption that even Catholics were persuaded of its truth and, in formal statements, frequently sounded more Puritan than Thomistic. But at the theoretical level at least, Catholicism was spared the agonizing reappraisal of power that American Protestantism, under the guidance of Reinhold Niebuhr, undertook a generation ago when the nation was drawn, against its will, into the world community.

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Though it never accepted the notion of society as inescapably "immoral," Catholic theory provided for the kind of social responsibility that Dr. Niebuhr encouraged.

Just as it was John F. Kennedy rather than John Courtney Murray who dealt the death blow to the notorious Catholic Church-State "thesis" as a factor in American politics, so was it Kennedy more than Reinhold Niebuhr who finally instructed the nation in the responsible use of power. For example, he saw no need for the pietism that John Foster Dulles used to sugarcoat the harsher aspects of foreign policy during the Eisenhower Administration. He was not coy about the employment of American power, ever. As a result, he shocked some people, but many more were relieved of an intolerable burden of false guilt under his easygoing tutelage. (Among the most shocked, incidentally, were many who had long endorsed the Niebuhrian insights.)

In spite of, and maybe because of, his "Catholic" attitude toward power, President Kennedy, at the time of his death, was mourned primarily as a leader who had made world peace a more feasible ideal and who could be trusted to negotiate honorably with the Soviets in the effort to achieve it. Though there were some doubts about his possible rigidity at the time he was elected, based on another stereotype about Catholics, rigidity was foreign to his temperment and he was leery of anti-Communist crusades. The key to his Administration was probably summed up in his famous warning that we should neither negotiate from fear nor ever fear to negotiate. That statement, to my mind, was a dual recognition of the two foundations of Catholic political thought: an appreciation of power, on the one hand, and recognition of the pre-eminence of reason, on the other.

John F. Kennedy's historic role in the history of the Church, then, was like everything else about him: low-key, more subtle than apparent, more pragmatic than propositional, more indirect than intrusive. Such was his understanding of the American political system *and* of Catholicism that he did not regard himself as any less a Catholic because he was impartially the President of all Americans, whatever their faith or lack of faith. Just as he suffered from anti-Catholic bigotry, so did he benefit from Catholic tribalism in the 1960 election. It is a measure of his accomplishment that three years later there is much less of both. He knew that in the second-term campaign he looked forward to, he could not depend on either as a stable fact of American political life. That did not sadden him. He had no doubt that he would win the election, not on the basis of his religion, anymore than he would lose it on that basis, but on his record as a public servant.

Propaganda Offensive

China's Push in Africa

JOHN K. COOLEY

CHINA has always fascinated Africans and Arabs. Around 1345 A.D., Ibn Batutah, the Moroccan Marco Polo, traveled through the Orient to the court of the Great Khan at Peking. He recorded that Chinese, even wealthy ones, "do not pay attention to their food or clothing" and preferred "coarse cotton tunics" to richer garb.

Ibn Batutah's description of China's Moslem communities still makes fascinating reading. From his time down to today's Communist regime, many Chinese rulers have liked to present themselves as protectors of the millions of Moslems in their country and as friends of the rest of the Islamic world.

Today, Red China's propaganda aimed at the Islamic world is only one facet of its vast effort to overtake and pass its rival, the Soviet Union, in the pursuit of the imagination and allegiance of all people in Africa and Asia. Nowhere has this effort mushroomed in the last few years and especially in the last few months, as it has in Africa and the Arab countries.

Peking's scornful reaction to President Kennedy's assassination was widely noted in Africa. Red Chinese delegates walked out of a conference session in Conakry, Guinea, which observed a minute of silence and then adjourned out of respect for Mr. Kennedy. African newspapers and radio and television stations commented bitterly on this and on the infamous Peking newspaper cartoon of the President's death, captioned "President Kennedy Bites the Dust."

This was probably no more than a momentary setback in the propaganda offensive waged by Peking

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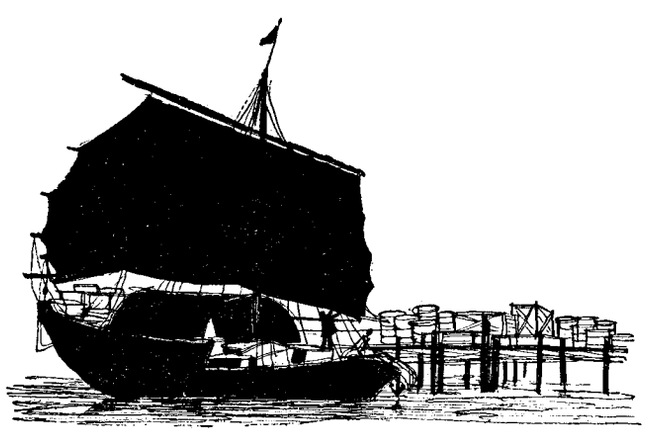
which has already had noticeable effects among native Communist leaders, as well as among journalists, labor leaders and others who make or manipulate opinion here. Unmistakably, the home-grown Reds are dismayed at the spectacle of the Moscow-Peking clash. Thus far none of the African parties have clearly shown pro-Peking leanings in public, with the exception of Communist factions in Zanzibar, the Cameroun Republic and possibly one or two other places that have not come to my attention.

But much internal debate has obviously been stirred up inside the parties and even among non-Communist Leftists. Offices in Prague which disseminate Moscow-line literature are now working overtime to blanket Africa with copies of the blistering Soviet note attacking Peking's policies first published last September 21.

Young people from several African or Afro-Arab countries with whom I have spoken in recent weeks have all assured me that China is replacing the Soviet Union as mentor of revolutionary movements. African newspapermen noted that Andrei Gromyko's opening address at this fall's United Nations session contained only three paragraphs attacking colonialism this year as opposed to pages and pages in previous years. "What is more," an editor here remarked, "Gromyko said nothing at all about South Africa and even your own American labor unions are trying to rouse world opinion against apartheid."

Not long ago a group of students from French-speaking African countries invited to Peking reacted with fervor to the overtures of their hosts. They returned to Paris and issued a ringing manifesto which accused the Soviets of spreading the "line which abandons the revolutionary struggle in order to lull people to sleep, while American imperialism, infiltrating widely in Africa, is trying to substitute itself for the old colonialism." A former Congolese cabinet minister and one-time friend of the late Patrice Lumumba, who has now returned to the Congo, told me much the same thing.

The Chinese are flooding Africa with carefully-edited and well-turned-out pamphlets, books and films giving their version of the China-India border dispute. In this campaign they are careful to concentrate on countries which have frontier disputes of their own, such as Morocco and Algeria or Somalia and Ethiopia. They take pains to make it appear that they sympathize with the particular country in which they happen to be passing out the material.



Always, behind every African quarrel, the Chinese propagandists profess to see lurking the terrible dragon of American imperialism. Somali Prime Minister Ali Shirmarke, for example, was treated to a mass greeting by a crowd of 400,000 in Peking. When he left, the usual Chinese-Somali communique drummed out the usual but often effective platitudes about a total ban on nuclear weapons, economic liberation and "U.S. imperialism—ferocious enemy of the oppressed nations and peoples." Like the Soviets, but in much more open and violent terms than the Soviets, the Chinese have sided with "republican" Somalia in its differences with "feudal" Ethiopia, and with "socialist" Algeria in its conflict over ideology, and Saharan real estate with monarchist Morocco.

The Chinese effort largely ignores the local Communists and concentrates on socialists or even conservatives, if these happen to be in opposition to their government or to Western aims.

The Istiqlal Party of Morocco, which represents wealthy merchants and landowners, is a case in point. Flattering Chinese overtures to Istiqlal recently evoked a statement by Allal el-Fassi, Istiqlal president, about the "ineptness" of Western policy in the Moslem world as compared with the "just, frank and sincere . . . policy of China in all Moslem regions from the Balkans to Turkestan." Istiqlal newspapers, which frequently scorch King Hassan's regime for leaning so heavily on American aid, gave big play to statements by a Chinese Nationalist general that Washington wants Chiang Kai-Shek's forces on Formosa to attack the Chinese mainland and ridiculed his reported remarks that Red China is a "tiger suffering from inanity."

AFRICAN individuals and African nationalist groups feted recently in Peking sound like guests at a Moscow reception of yesteryear: the Congress Party of Basutoland, the Comores Islands Liberation Front, the Zimbawe African Peoples Union of Southern Rhodesia, Kenyan writer G. Kahengeri, John Marks of the African National Congress. Chairman Mao-Tse-Tung receives many delegates for tea. He talks about racial discrimination, the struggle of the world's workers or Islamic solidarity, depending upon who his auditors happen to be.

Peking is making one of its toughest and most persistent thrusts in the field of labor. It is trying to split the Moscow-directed World Federation of Trade Unions (WFTU) and set up a new Peking-controlled

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international which would exclude Moscow and its minions. More, it is trying to capture the attention of African, Arab and Asian trade union leaders and get them accustomed to thinking of Peking as the center of all wealth, wisdom and guidance in the world of labor.

The Chinese want to ride, if they can, the mounting crest of African feeling against affiliation with either WFTU, its anti-Communist, American-backed rival, the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions (ICFTU) in Brussels, or any other outside federation. They are trying to convince African labor leaders such as Ghana's John Tettegah or Morocco's Mahjoub ben Seddik who think this way, that "Africa for the Africans" really means "Africa for the Africans-guided-by-Chinese."

To this end, the Chinese and the Indonesians took the lead in organizing at Jakarta last October 27-November 2 a meeting to prepare for what they hope will be a major "Afro-Asian Workers' Conference," a sort of labor Bandung, sometime in 1964. Seventeen countries, after months of pressure and persuasion of all kinds from Indonesia and, more discreetly, from Peking, finally went to the meeting. Of the Africans, only observers from Morocco, Mali and Guinea took part.

The observer sent by Morocco's labor federation said afterward that Morocco could go no further unless the other African countries were consulted and gave their consent to the aims of the conference, and unless the Chinese and the Indonesians showed in the future more willingness to follow democratic procedures and less eagerness to railroad through their own choices for the future conference's officers, agenda items and general line.

The Arab unions of the Middle East, with one or two exceptions, are equally dubious about the Chinese offensive. The United Arab Republic would like to see a "non-aligned" world labor federation without Peking. Egyptian labor leaders have given directives in this sense to loyal members of the Cairo-led Confederation of Arab Trade Unions. So far, the only Arab labor leaders frankly favorable to China's emergence as the big brother of workers everywhere have been some of those associated with the Baath (Arab Socialist Resurrection) Party in Iraq.

Perhaps the most interesting current focus of Chinese effort is Algeria. The economic disruption and political turmoil besetting President Ahmed ben Bella's regime, especially since the revolt of the Kabylia Berbers and the clash with Morocco early this fall looked like dark and promising waters for the fishermen in Peking to angle in. After some stiff and rather hurried maneuvering by Moscow and Peking, Mr. Ben Bella accepted both Soviet and Chinese loans, indicating at the same time that he preferred to stay neutral in the Sino-Soviet quarrel.

At a moment when France was threatening to reduce or slow down its own assistance unless Frenchmen who owned nationalized property were compensated, the Soviets offered Algeria a $100,000,000 long-term loan at only 2.5 percent interest, their usual African rate. In the meantime, Col. Houari Boumedienne, Mr. Ben Bella's Defense Minister, whose army is the mainstay of Mr. Ben Bella's regime, had made a flying visit to Peking. A short time later Chinese Ambassador Tseng Tao informed the Algerian government that China had agreed to grant Algeria an interest-free loan of about $50,000,000. Presumably it will be used to bolster Mr. Ben Bella's military machine, already getting substantial help from Cairo, and for the socialized sectors of the Algerian economy.

Up to now, Peking has been far less prodigal with its capital than it has with propaganda or "advice." Some Chinese financial aid has gone into such other African and Arab countries as Ghana, Guinea, Egypt and Yemen but Peking's funds for foreign aid have been scanty. What there is, it seems, has to be used mainly in the fight against starvation or to build heavy industry in China.

This does not mean that China is not a formidable challenger in Africa, either for the Soviets, the West or the Africans themselves. It does suggest that Peking, in its outpourings of printed propaganda, its sixty-odd hours a week of radio broadcasts beamed to this part of the world in a dozen languages and in all the bewildering array of trade, technical and cultural missions it sends out, will seek more insistent and more ingenious ways of presenting itself as the champion of darker-skinned and lesser-privileged people everywhere.

Put Out a Lunch for Christmas

My brother Louis cut our
fruitcake thicker than a man's
thumb and I poured a water
glass of our father's dark wine.

We slept in the annual
long black stockings of boyhood,
tired below the leaden bell
of a reindeer hurry sled.

We came down in dim morning
to ponder our airy guest,
maybe roll our fingers on
his cake crumbs, breathe from his glass.

A last deceiving Christmas,
we clung to one another,
put out a lunch from practice
with no hope of a father.

RAYMOND ROSELIEP

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"Catholics and Vietnam"

Saigon, Vietnam

TO THE EDITORS: You appear to be still confused. Otherwise how explain your continued misrepresentation of me?

You assert ["Catholics and Vietnam," November 22] that I wrote "a series of articles stretching back to last winter . . a political defense of Diem . . . strange reports . . . (permeated by) belief of the justification of the Diem régime." You allege that I thought that "the Buddhist repressions . . . were legitimate, if excessive, acts." No excesses are legitimate. Where, pray, have I said that anywhere?

How can you justify your statements in the light of expressions like the following, taken from my dispatches: "Last May 8 and since, the harsh measures of 'security' taken . . . especially in Hue, have given real grievances . . . The government's recent harsh police measures . . . The ruthless onslaughts made by the police on bonzes and their supporters who refused to disperse . . . The government certainly has amends to make, not for any religious persecution but for excessive police measures taken against Buddhist demonstrators . . . The action taken by security forces on May 8 and June 3 in Hue and on July 17 in Saigon went beyond all justifiable bounds . . . Security forces of President Diem's government have hit the Buddhists excessively hard for their politically-aimed demonstrations . . . The midnight assault on the pagodas was the culmination of three and a half months of wrongs on both sides. . . . When the Buddhists began holding organized demonstrations in the streets, the police intervened with unwarrantable harshness. . . . ?"

You quote me as saying that life in South Vietnam was "immeasurably freer, easier and better than in Communist-ruled North Vietnam." Why did you omit the first part of the sentence, which ran: "I disapprove strongly of some of the police measures used here, while realizing that life in South Vietnam, etc." (Letter to the New York *Times*, July 25)?

What newspaper correspondents have expressed themselves on the subject in stronger, more forthright words than mine?

You ignore the fact that I reported in considerable detail the government's repressive measures against non-Buddhist opposition elements, including Catholics. You did not know that before a delegation of visiting U.S. Congressmen here I drew attention publicly to the restrictions on press freedom from which Vietnamese journalists suffered but of which they themselves, though present, dared not speak.

Yes, my current stay in Vietnam "stretches back to last winter," but no "series of articles" did. I did not write about the government in relation to Buddhists or anything else until May 13, apart from one article dated April 19 and a reference in a March 16 article on Communist strategy. In the latter I wrote: "All who are opposed to him (Diem) are not Communists." In the April 19 story I wrote: "There is plenty to criticize. . . . The present government has made mistakes and gives its friends continuing cause for worry."

You say that I "complained of the 'Greek chorus of journalists' who filed reports different" from mine. Again you are inaccurate. I was referring specifically and appropriately to those whom the Buddhist leaders convoked by special messages to be present (with cameras) for "surprise" demonstrations, including public suicides. My exact words: "Whenever they stage some spectacular demonstration, they make sure to have a Greek chorus of journalists, especially foreign correspondents, on the scene."

One should distinguish the various issues clearly. 1. Was there a religious persecution of Buddhists by the government? A persecution would be an official policy, a generalized program of some duration in which Vietnamese Catholics, as a body, would contract some responsibility. 2. If there had been no religious persecution, what lay behind the Buddhist agitation? 3. Was the dispute between the Buddhists of Vietnam and the Catholics or between some Buddhists and the government? 4. Did the security forces act with unjustifiable severity in repressing politically-aimed anti-government demonstrations? 5. Was the government a "Catholic government," the actions of which were attributable to the Catholic body or the Catholic religion?

Those questions were distinct but in the news field they were concurrent. Hence, possibly, some of the confusion in the minds of readers and commentators 9,000-odd miles away.

It is now nearly eight years since a spokesman for Ngo dinh Diem's government wrote to Catholic papers in the U.S. and Europe attacking me because I had reported unfavorably about a course of action taken by the President.

When Ngo dinh Diem gave me an interview last October 4, he referred in passing, and with great courtesy, to that and other reports of mine. On Septem-

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ber 17 I had submitted, in writing, pointed questions, including one suggesting that personal liberties be now extended, "especially regarding arrests, long detentions without trial, and free expression of opinion." My questions and his typed answers were part of the October 4 interview. The typescript he gave me ended thus: "You have not always been tender toward the government of South Vietnam, but I must do you the justice of acknowledging that you have always had the courage of saying what you believe to be true."

And now I say again what I have often said. Ngo dinh Diem had his shortcomings—fewer than some other men wielding power in Asia have—and he made his mistakes. But he rendered courageous, devoted service to his people and to the Free World that it would be shameful now to deny or depreciate.

You criticize my handling of the false official assertion (not just a "suggestion," as you call it) that he committed suicide. Your criticism baffles me.

(Rev.) PATRICK O'CONNOR, SSC

Reply

OUR central point against Father O'Connor is that he consistently confuses reporting with editorializing, and a defense of Catholicism with a defense of Diem. When President Diem's laws against dancing, contraceptives and divorce brought heavy criticism, Father O'Connor was there to back him up: "Western dancing and contraceptives have never been part of the customs and beliefs of any segment of Vietnamese people. Polygamy is obviously a social evil wherever it exists in East Asia and those who oppose it should hardly have to justify their stand. Divorce is also an evil for East Asia in the eyes of many."

Buddhist complaints apparently did not stir Father O'Connor to investigate. Incidents remained "alleged" in his articles, and the reader was told that even if proved, the incidents didn't indicate a general policy of persecution and couldn't be tied directly to Diem. Even the brutal strike against the Xa Loi pagoda found Father O'Connor reluctant to blame Diem. "The hitting," he wrote, "was done by subordinates, probably without the President's knowledge."

The same week he wrote: "During the past month, Ngo dinh Diem has certainly showed patience and restraint, and made approach after approach for reconciliation. The Buddhists responded with non-cooperative and even hostile tactics."

Father O'Connor did indeed occasionally reprove the Diem regime, as his own selection of quotations show. But he devoted far more time and space toward defending Diem. He shed no light at all on the repressive aspects of the regime, and while he constantly interviewed and quoted pro-Diem spokesmen, the only Buddhist we recall quoted was a nun whom he tried to badger into saying that self-immolation was contrary to Buddhist principles. Whether it is or not, Father O'Connor's slant seems clear. THE EDITORS

"Doing Daddy In"

Portland, Ore.

TO THE EDITORS: "Too many chiefs and not enough Indians" seems to be a major malady of our time. Can it be that Betty Friedan and Jean Holzhauer ["Doing Daddy In," Oct. 18] are now proposing this as a social remedy?

Where are all these women to go, having fled their homes? And *what* are they to do? Statistical probing is unnecessary to postulate that only a limited number are intellectually endowed, emotionally inclined, and academically trained to locate the cause of the common cold, become the first woman President, and build the better mousetrap. History shows (as does Mrs. Friedan) that in the past such women have indeed seized "historic opportunity," and in the face of much more vigorous opposition than the feminine mystique of *McCall's* magazine.

Every scientific laboratory bears evidence that for one Principal Investigator there are 2, 5, 10, 40 or more persons washing glassware, slicing tissue, completing the mechanics, and, more often than not, doing this tedious work neither knowing nor caring about the basic research problems involved. ("They haven't a clue," moans my husband, an M.D. in research for the past 12 years.)

The woman who cannot find sufficient real achievement organizing and executing the various unrelated, schedule-defying, "must be done" activities of today's housewife-mother would scarcely, I should think, find such achievement in eight hours out-of-the-home at the tedious, repetitive, work available to her by reason of her abilities, latent or developed, *and* the labor market (including the above ratio of thoughtful worker to mechanical workers). Glassware is glassware—if washed at home or in the laboratory. I would suspect the housewife running naked and screaming through suburbia might also run naked and screaming through the office, laboratory, or factory *if* her frustration is induced by the tedium of her daily existence. In these days of disappearing self-restraints, it is not odd that the "func-

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tional" maladies of Grandma's day tend to be replaced by the overt behavior of the "scream stripper," "10 a.m. alcoholic," etc. On the job, of course, restraints are externally imposed—in the home restraint, if any, must be self-imposed.

Perhaps it is too pat to suggest that Mrs. Friedan appears to carry an awful and unresolved guilt herself, so that to "justify" her own flight, she must carry with her "American Women." I respect the thoughtful and painstaking research she has applied to her thesis. I cannot, however, accept or conceive the panacea of the empty house with Mamma gone off to fulfill herself. Without benefit of questionnaires, I would make an unscientific and intuitive guess that the woman who is going to "be fulfilled" will be fulfilled—whether she be a housewife-mother in Nazareth or Suburbia, or whether she be discovering Uranium in France, or staining tissues in a laboratory in Chicago.

"Household help was scarce" says Jean Holzhauer, yet on the next page observes that a loving substitute mother can "do the job as well." Now please, *where* is this loving substitute mother?—particularly if American women are fleeing the "12-year-old mentality" of the home-maker's work for "professional work." I, personally, would defy any twelve-year-old to fill my worn shoes for one day—nor for an hour would I leave my seven children from capable 11 years down, in the hands of a 12-year-old.

"Professional work" Jean Holzhauer then defines as "something to do that is important enough for someone to pay for, gladly." I would "gladly" pay for household help *if* such help is content and proud to do housework, thorough and complete in the job, not feeling demeaned by it. This, then, evidently elevates housework to the professional category, and I try to visualize the unlikely and senseless situation of women rushing off to one another's home to raise one another's children, in order to be "paid and gladly" for it.

What is the Catholic woman to make of all this? I would expect the answer to be found in the pages of The Commonweal, and I can scarcely consider "Doing Daddy In" to be an answer (my husband and I may be a bit thick, the significance of this title escapes us, also). The Catholic woman will realize, with Caryll Houselander, that "every time I try to show out God's meaning and it all goes wrong, it is none the less on every occasion a complete and a successful thing instead of a failure; it is a finished action because it is God's will. Nothing is complete but His will, and that completes all our seemingly unfinished, interrupted, useless actions on earth."

"Strong, or perhaps non-existent is the female who can stop her ears, and decide for *herself* what she should do and be." Nonsense. If we are to have a new mystique, both feminine and masculine, let it be a very old one of individual dependence on God. Let these "decisions" be made with the help of the Holy Spirit, acknowledging our dependence and duty to God, through prayer, and, yes, certainly more frequent Communion, and a fervent awareness of God's love for each of us. Fulfillment is not dependent on the *what* (kind of work), but on the *how* (it is done)—for whom, and in what spirit.

In ten years as a "careerist" before my marriage (at the "professional" level of research librarian) though I did receive a pay check (I couldn't say how "gladly" the Accounting Department wrote it up) I lived materially as comfortably as now, but, by comparison, lived in emotional bankruptcy. No fellow-worker ever greeted me with the pure joy and enthusiasm with which any one of my seven shouts "Mamma's back!" I am very thankful that my children have learned to love me, rather than some "mother substitute."

I am a convert, and perhaps have overlooked something in the life of Our Lady, who, I supposed, was to be the model of Catholic women, and whose Fiat, I thought, was our guide to daily living. Perhaps she did, after all hire a loving substitute mother to teach the Child to love; and did she pay this person from her earnings from Caesar? the Jews? What was, I wonder, her profession, for which she was "gladly" paid—for surely she must have been "fulfilled"?

(Mrs.) JAMES S. ARNOLD

Reply

Milwaukee, Wisc.

TO THE EDITORS: Mrs. Arnold's letter is a prime example of "the feminine mystique" operating at its most mystical and perhaps most feminine. I am persuaded, however, that our areas of disagreement are not very large.

Bypassing Mrs. Arnold's direct questions and my answers to them (Q: "Can it be that Betty Friedan and Jean Holzhauer are proposing 'too many chiefs and not enough Indians' as a social remedy?" A: No.), I shall bypass also the imputation of motives to Mrs. Friedan, and the statement that "the woman who is going to be 'fulfilled' will be fulfilled, whether she be a housewife-mother in Nazareth or Suburbia, or whether she be discovering uranium in France, or staining tissues in a laboratory in Chicago." In all cases, I assume that Mrs. Arnold did not really mean to say what she said.

Let me instead try to clear up some misunderstandings. Betty Friedan's book does not advocate paid employment for every American wife, or child neglect, or depriving mothers of their children's love. What Mrs. Friedan proposes is abatement of the "mystique" that all married women find satisfaction in the same pursuits, that regardless of their abilities and temperaments all should be able to swallow an exclusively domestic adult life—if necessary, like a dose of castor oil, because

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people say it's good for them.

Mrs. Friedan's research indicates that the dose is not good for all women. Why should we expect it to be? Not all religious are suited for contemplative life, not all are suited for active duty in the classroom or surgery. The wrong assignment frequently results in conventual disaster. Laywomen, too, need diversification of opportunity; personal talents and requirements survive marriage as they survive other vows.

Mrs. Arnold is quite right to insist on acknowledgment of dependence on God in making decisions. For the believer it is the only possible position. It does not, however, preclude choice of individual means of sanctification or of work. Indeed, it requires such choice, to be made in accord with conscience and abilities, not necessarily in accord with what other people say. So far as I know, modern women may utter their "fiats" over the cradle, the lecture podium, the automatic washer, the wheel of a car, the kitchen range or the desk—or over all of them. We often do.

Mrs. Friedan's hope, and mine, is that one day American men and women will view this phenomenon as a reality and a possibility, more reasonably and less defensively.

One last note of cordial agreement: the title of my article, "Doing Daddy In," baffled me, too, and I should like Mrs. Arnold to know that it did not originate with me. If I didn't know so well the intelligence of my editors, I would have taken that title as yet another evidence of the "mystique." JEAN HOLZHAUER

"Incident at a College"

Detroit, Mich.

TO THE EDITORS: In The Commonweal issue of November 15, 1963, Mr. Francis E. Kearns commented on an "Incident at a College." As a faculty member of that College I wonder greatly about that article. The arbitrarily chosen facts from the AAUP-*Bulletin*-report used in Mr. Kearns' comment give a distorted picture of the "Incident."

After Dr. Shelton's dismissal I had—better took—the opportunity to talk with him in my office on the Mercy College campus. I asked him whether I or the lay faculty as a whole (including the AAUP-chapter, of which Dr. Shelton was not a member at that time, and the establishment of which had been initiated by Mercy's President, Sr. Mary Lucille) could do anything for him, whereupon I got Dr. Shelton's thanks and the answer that his case was already in the hands of a good lawyer. At the same time we had learned that Mercy College had given the case to its attorney. It became obvious that serious matters had caused the dismissal, but also that each party had taken necessary action for justification and did not wish to discuss matters with those not involved. Nevertheless, the chairman of the Mercy College AAUP-chapter received the representative of the Washington Office of the AAUP and discussed the case with him.

After Dr. Shelton's departure from the College a colleague handed to me the German translation of Dr. Shelton's *Brood of Fury,* in order—as previously agreed with the author—to evaluate the German translation. I read the book. The German translation is satisfactory, but the content was of a kind that deserves to be forgotten. I surely prefer Sartre's *No Exit* to it, although that play too may never be listed among the great writings of all times. Reading Dr. Shelton's work I became disturbed that such books were translated. They certainly add new dimensions only to the image of the "Ugly American" in other countries. I tried to watch the advertisings of the "American Best Seller" in the German press. It seemed not to make a career. A healthy organism will always be able to immunize itself against germs which in the one or the other form are ever present.

Seen from within, the Mercy College atmosphere is one of academic freedom. Our College is only twenty-two years old and in the shaping. The faculty is a heterogeneous group in regard to race, nationality, academic background and creed. Any analysis would discover in this body rather a "Miniature United Nations" with noble "willingness to place loyalty to principle and . . . profession" as well as frank tête-à-têtes with the given "set of clerical administrators" against any "intimidation . . . repression" and "obedience-obsession."

I have compared faculty policies of Catholic, private and state institutions and found Mercy's policy (to which the lay faculty, comprising eighty percent of the whole faculty, and Dr. Shelton *anno dazumal* vitally contributed) is a very fair one. Indeed, I consider my College pioneering in that regard. We have lay professors as divisional and departmental chairmen. We participate in steering committees. We have tailored our salary scale according to the AAUP suggestions. We have tenure. We are working on a retirement plan, have sabbatical leave (one semester at full salary or a year at half salary), etc. Many of us belong to various learned societies and a great percentage of us belong to the AAUP.

A "high-handed abuse of academic freedom," of course, can be viewed from two sides. If no one wants to talk on the Dr. Shelton case then it is perhaps not be-

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cause "intimidation and repression" but the *noblesse-oblige* spirit prevails on our campus. After all there exist such delicate spheres as the ones of tact, charity, prudence, etc. It seems unintelligible that precisely those members of the Mercy College lay faculty who tried their best not only to heal, but to prevent the Shelton case should become the scapegoats of the profession for journalists lacking discernment.

C. E. SCHUETZINGER
Chairman, Dept. of Philosophy
Mercy College

Reply

Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITORS: Though Professor Schuetzinger may have been willing to offer advice to Dr. Shelton, apparently no similar offer was made to the AAUP investigating team, since the September, 1963, *AAUP Bulletin* declares: "Invitations from the chairman of the investigating committee extended to faculty members to meet with him to discuss the case, individually or in a group and on or off campus, were uniformly declined." And, though the committee did contact the chairman of Mercy College's AAUP chapter in an attempt to arrange a discussion with Sister Mary Lucille, Mercy's president, that effort ended in failure. Once more the AAUP investigators were referred to the school's legal counsel just as their earlier letters and phone calls to Sister Mary Lucille had been.

Despite Professor Schuetzinger's objections to *Brood of Fury*, the novel which caused Dr. Shelton's dismissal on the grounds that he was "not representative of either the goals or spirit of a Catholic college," it ought to be borne in mind that, according to Dr. Shelton, he never referred to the book in class nor was it given any particular publicity on campus. Moreover, I would seriously question whether it is reasonable to inflict economic hardship on a man and his family because you dislike his books. Even though he had served Mercy College faithfully for six years in a variety of positions, including those of Director of Research and Assistant Dean, Dr. Shelton was fired on only twenty-four hours' notice at a time when it was too late in the academic year to secure a job at another school. He went without employment for almost a year, despite the fact that he had a wife and two young children to support and that he had just incurred heavy debts in making improvements on his home.

Clearly *Brood of Fury* is a controversial book. On one side, a Catholic women's club informed Sister Mary Lucille that the book was "filthy" and a Jesuit friend whom she consulted found in it a "complete lack of anything like a spiritual dimension of the whole marriage relationship." Yet, at the same time, the lay chairman of a Jesuit English Department reviewed the book favorably in the Catholic magazine *Best Sellers*. Now, in the face of such controversy, would it not be more reasonable for Dr. Shelton's opponents to employ public debate instead of resorting to economic retaliation? Moreover, it seems to me that a college, particularly a Catholic college, ought to be precisely the place where such controversy is encouraged. Just this year, in protesting the banning of four eminent theologians at Catholic University, the Catholic Commission on Intellectual and Cultural Affairs declared: "Advocacy of conflicting opinions must always be the wellspring of the Church's intellectual life."

A further difficulty with the charges brought against Dr. Shelton's book by the Jesuit scholar, by the Catholic ladies' club, and by Prof. Schuetzinger is that the same charges have been leveled against classics of our language from *The Canterbury Tales* to *The Catcher in the Rye*. Doubtless *Brood of Fury* is no great artistic achievement, but we ought to be on guard against charges of immorality in literature since past experience shows that self-appointed guardians of literary virtue have not always matched their zeal for propriety with an equivalent capacity for aesthetic perception.

There is no questioning the fact that the publicly avowed policies on employment, tenure, and academic freedom at Mercy College are very fair. But what seems to be at question here is whether such policies are actually enforced. As the AAUP report indicates, the Association entered the Shelton case in order "to win respect, *in practice* [my italics] as well as by formal profession, for the observance of those professional and moral standards without which the concept of freedom in teaching and research would be meaningless. . . ." Indeed, the AAUP report quotes at length from Dr. Shelton's contract and Mercy's "Statutes and By-Laws" in order to demonstrate how the professor was unfairly treated and to support its contention that "satisfactory conditions for academic freedom and tenure do not prevail at Mercy College."

In terming my article "distorted" and yet at the same time failing to furnish particulars, Professor Schuetzinger had adopted the same tactics employed by Mercy College administrators in dealing with the AAUP report. When asked for comments on a preliminary draft of that document, the administration, replying through its legal counsel, termed the report "inaccurate" but failed to point out specific details. At the same time, the college indicated its view that Shelton's dismissal was a "private matter" and that the subject was now closed.

Such a reply raises several interesting questions. Is a Catholic college the private property of a religious order or does it belong to its own community of students, teachers, and administrators? When such a college takes apparently repressive measures in the name of Catholicism can it regard itself as being unaccountable to the academic fraternity at large, to fellow Catholics, and to other men of reason and good will?

FRANCIS E. KEARNS

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THE SCREEN

We Look Before and After

THAT Best Ten stuff again! Even with all the arbitrariness of "ten" and "best," the idea of a year's end list like this is good. It makes even the most capricious reviewer re-examine the year's films and declare his choices, no matter how personal. It allows readers of a column know where their reviewer stands and with how many grains of salt they should take his forthcoming pronouncements. And it is to be hoped that film-makers themselves will pay a little heed and strive to do better next year. So herewith is *my* list arranged, not necessarily in order of preference except for the first, which I think is unqualifiedly best.

8½. Fellini's great movie about a director who cannot settle down to his new picture is probably the best account of the creative process ever made in a film. Crowded with dreams, memories, and an outstanding cast led by Marcello Mastroianni, it is first-rate cinema.

Hud. In this remarkably honest and realistic view of modern Texas ranch life, directed by Martin Ritt, an impressionable lad (Brandon de Wilde) chooses between the high standards of his grandfather (Melvyn Douglas) and the sleazy values of his uncle (Paul Newman). Patricia Neal is another asset in the good cast.

Tom Jones. Producer-director Tony Richardson's twentieth-century re-telling of Fielding's eighteenth-century novel is as bawdy and funny as the original but lacks the author's pithy observations on life and times. Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Joyce Redman, and the whole brilliant cast contribute to the ribald romp.

Lilies of the Field. Sidney Poitier gives the best performance of the year in this utterly delightful comedy about a Negro man-of-all-trades who descends on a group of German nuns in Arizona and builds them a chapel. He also teaches them English and respectful admiration for a man who is not of their background, faith, or color.

Winter Light. Perhaps the starkest of Ingmar Bergman's thoughtful religious films, this one relentlessly dramatizes the plight of a minister (Gunnar Bjornstrand) suffering through a period of God's silence.

All the Way Home. Although not as good as its source —James Agee's novel *A Death in the Family*—this film is very effective in capturing a fine relationship between a father (Robert Preston) and his six-year-old son (Michael Kearney) and in portraying the continuity of life after tragedy.

This Sporting Life. Lindsay Anderson's imaginative-realistic direction and Richard Harris' portrayal of an inarticulate rugby player make this grim English movie thought-provoking as well as exciting.

The Leopard. Director Luchino Visconti's Italian film is static at times and has dubbing that leaves something to be desired, but visually it is one of the most beautiful color movies ever made and has caught well the people and atmosphere of the turbulent 1860s in Sicily.

America America. Producer-director-writer Elia Kazan's picture (which just opened and will be reviewed soon) is a stirring cinematic poem about a Greek boy (Stathis Giallelis) whose great dream is to escape from Turkish oppression and go to America. The fulfillment of this dream, with all its hardship and heartbreak, might be the story of many an American immigrant and one that deserves the attention of all Americans whose forebears came from abroad (which, after all, includes all of us.)

The L-Shaped Room and *Love with the Proper Stranger* are English and American films that tie for tenth place. Both deal with young unmarried women who first consider abortion as a solution to their pregnancy, then re-consider, but also insist that just any marriage is not the answer. Both woman (Leslie Caron in the English film, and Natalie Wood in the American) are exceedingly well played; and both movies have dignity, honesty and warmth.

So stand the ten, or eleven. Every reader who's a moviegoer will add or subtract because Everyman considers himself a movie critic. But I trust all moviegoers and all do-it-yourself critics will join me in hoping for a better 1964 movie year. PHILIP T. HARTUNG

THE STAGE

Ginger Without Bite

THERE ARE any number of ways to fail in the theater, but the central one is not to have life. Most of the time there is no problem of recognition; we know what a corpse looks like. But a play like "The Ginger Man" is a much more difficult business. A simulacrum of robust existence, a trap without teeth, a promise without fulfilment and a daunted act which is perpetually throwing out hints that it is about to burst into bravery, the play can never be wholly resisted nor fully received. To be kept on the hook in this way is what one finally resents about "The Ginger Man," after having made, God knows, every effort to jump up into the boat.

What is especially surprising about the play is that its author should have been so incapable of seeing where its true life and potency might have been obtained. For J. P. Donleavy has adapted his own novel, that lusty, lyrical, extraordinarily funny and vision-inducing book to the stage—and thrown it nearly away. It is possible that for an onlooker who has not read the book the events on stage will seem lively, wry and revelatory; but this is to be more starved for authenticity and pleasure

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than even our long dismal search for excitement in the theater would seem to warrant. No, the play doesn't fail only when it is measured against the novel, but as an independent work of dramatic imagination, although it is true that one can easily conceive of a production which would serve it better and perhaps release it into a minor life of its own.

Still, it is essential to consider the novel because the drama explicitly and doggedly refuses the materials and virtues that are at hand there. Donleavy's book is a fable of the self, particularly the self of appetite and corporeality, lusting for fruition against the world of fact, of duty, order, claims, responsibilities and imposed expectations, the world of civilization in its role as oppressor and breaker of the individual will. Freud wrote a gloomy book on this subject, but Donleavy's is a comic song. Here the self is conceived of as pleasure-seeker, instinctual, full of wayward music and untrammeled possibility, its demands pitched in the teeth of necessity. That is exactly the novel's special grace and force, that necessity is daringly treated the way the imagination, in one of its perennial activities, has to treat it—as the direst enemy there is.

For Sebastian Dangerfield, Donleavy's American who lives in Dublin and battles the Irish for their poetry and poverty, their ugliness, unaccepted beauty and deflected instincts, existence is a strategic problem: how to preserve the green island of the self from the waves of necessity that are always lapping higher on its shores. He will let nothing hold him, neither marriage, fatherhood, vocation or friendship, although every claim is rooted in his flesh. He is the comic and lyrical counterpart of John Updike's Rabbit Angstrom, and like that fugitive from necessity and responsible choice he runs a course beyond morality and judgment, tracing one arc of the imagination in its desire to establish a counterforce to fact.

He is childish, brawling, spontaneous, a liar of heroic proportions, an irresistible lover, an innocent yet the most cunning of tacticians, a dreamer who cannot distinguish the streets of his dream from real thoroughfares. And he sings. "God's mercy on the wild ginger man," he sings when his saga is over, when everything is exposed and awaits mercy, which is here—as everywhere else—the acceptance that it is all wrong but all true, that it has all been and will be again, since man is what he is.

Why Donleavy should have turned this splendid creation into the figure we encounter on the stage is a mystery and a reinforcement of our fears that there is something about the stage today that inhibits even the boldest talents. For the Dangerfield of the play is small, winsome, charming, sly, tired and fragile, an eccentric instead of an inimitable, and a manipulator instead of a power. And his story is told domestically between walls, not merely the physical walls of the two tiny interiors in which the action takes place (the novel ranges all over Dublin in the manner of *Ulysses* and with a good deal of its mock-epic vivacity) but the walls of a basically naturalistic form, a circumscribed set of encounters which have the effect of putting us in the presence of a *character,* an oddball, but not an essential truth. Being traditional in this way enables Donleavy to distill from his bizarre material an odd charm, a hint of poetry, a relief from earnestness and a slight fever of expectation, but not a vision or the kind of music he must surely have wanted to hear played.

The hint is there. To have conceived the play musically, as a set of orchestrations, a fugue, and even more literally, a sound, a ballet, releasing the spirit of Dangerfield (field of Danger—a war, a tournament) from the incidental and anecdotal into the ceremonious and incantatory—might have carried it past its debilitating verisimilitude. Something such as was done by Jean Erdman in her adaptation of *Finnegans Wake,* "The Coach With the Six Insides," is what "The Ginger Man" desperately requires: song, dance, lyrical fragments, voices from nowhere, shapes, apparitions, unexplainable gestures.

Had Leo Garen's direction been less amateurish, less cute and arch, even the existing intimidated script might have gone a degree or two beyond itself. Even more pressingly, had the performances been better, or rather had they been more in the spirit of Donleavy's original, the production might have worked tolerably if not with exuberance. But Patrick O'Neal, an actor of talent who cannot seem to forget that he is an actor, does everything possible to make Dangerfield still more repressed, coy, langorous and mildly picturesque than the text insists on, and only Marian Seldes among the three other performers is able to transcend it and enter a region of poetry and vigor.

But to go back to the center. One of our most respected critics has written about "The Ginger Man" that it should not be faulted because it fails to obey some of the chief canons of the popular drama, because, that is, it has no steadily building action and no clear denouement. Of course it should not be attacked for lacking these things: they are what we have been trying to get past in all our experiments and plunges. But that is just it; "The Ginger Man" doesn't experiment and doesn't plunge, it simply sits on the edge, its back turned to some of the major theatrical conventions and its face to a dramatic possibility it isn't willing to enter.

(At the Orpheum) RICHARD GILMAN

AN APPEAL

African missioner needs funds to replace a worn-out motorcycle used in his everyday mission work. Address Rev. Joseph Kwembe, Catholic Mission, Mlali, P. O. Box 640, Morocroro, Tanganyika. (Airmail, 25c.)

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One Man's Fancy

Mr. Wilson and the Cold War

WILFRID SHEED

IF A WRITER hangs around long enough, he turns into a monument, and nobody will fight with him any more, except possibly another monument. In the case of Edmund Wilson, this has its gratifying side—no one has earned his plaster more honorably—but it also has its drawbacks.

For, as many grand-old-men from William Wordsworth to Bertrand Russell have, or have not, discovered, it is not always easy to take monuments seriously. A writer needs his normal quota of critical kicking, scratching and gouging to keep his survival instincts sharp: faced for the first time in his life with unfailing politeness, he is likely to lose his underdog snarl and his ferret-like cunning; he may start issuing pronouncements about affairs of the day, confident that no one will stab him with a real knife; he gets a secretary to correct his proofs; he thinks that his opinions matter. These and a hundred other small portents announce the death of an artist and the birth of a politician.

Well, Edmund Wilson is too pugnacious and alert, still a superb target for hostility, in fact, to become that kind of monument. But his recent work has undeniably lost some cutting edge. His prose (possibly the best non-fiction American prose since Thoreau) has become rather shapeless, possibly even careless. The tone is that of a man who doesn't expect to be contradicted; he addresses his subject as if it had never been discussed before—and will never need to be discussed again. There is no suggestion here of failing powers, only of failing intensity and concentration, like a Yankee after his twelfth pennant.

With all this in view—and on the further principle, which Mr. Wilson has always abided by himself, that it is no favor to any first-rate writer to flatter his second-rate stuff—it should be said unequivocally that his latest effort *The Cold War & the Income Tax* is an extraordinarily disappointing book.

A polemic against the income tax can hardly go wrong, and this one certainly provides bits and pieces of satisfaction. But where one had hoped for majestic indignation, one finds mostly a narrow peevishness; and where the argument needs sustained tensile strength, it tends to go slack and vague. This is Mr. Wilson the country squire, brandishing his cane at the urchins and muttering to himself, like W. C. Fields, about his ineffable woes.

This is worth pointing out if only because Mr. Wilson may have hit on something too important to be left entirely to Mr. Wilson—at least to Old Colonel Wilson (Wilson at his best would be another matter). The Income Tax and its collection does indeed affect the quality of our life: simply to witness one of our most distinguished authors being chivied, as Wilson was, by uncomprehending bureaucrats is to be re-stunned by the impersonalness of modern life. (Incidentally, he does not, contrary to some reports, consider himself a special case. His minute account of his own affairs might seem at first to suggest that as Wilson goes so goes the nation: but fundamentally he is shocked that this could happen to *anybody*.)

But the question arises next, what *should* have been done with him? Mr. Wilson failed, for something like nine years, to file tax returns: not out of conscience but out of carelessness. His passive resistance to the law followed his breaking of it, so that it does not even come under the heading of civil disobedience, where it might be argued about. We can certainly complain that the bureaucrats should have known who he was and have treated him with civilized respect, and not like a menacing hooligan; we might complain about quite a lot of things while we're at it. But can we really maintain that the tax-laws are so bizarre that failure to comply, even through negligence, should not be punished at all? Perhaps it wasn't the author's aim to answer this question, but this is the first of several omissions that keeps his protest at the level of splutter.

Instead he swings suddenly into the question of defense spending. He writes a gruelling section on germ warfare, a subject which can certainly use the publicity, and another rather less gruelling, on how the government ignores culture; so perhaps the next question should be: If the government were to spend his tax-money on culture, instead of on germs, would he then grant its right to coerce and, if necessary, punish him to get it?

One can only suppose that, since leaving the *New Republic*, Mr. Wilson has allowed his subscription there to lapse. No readers of that, or any reasonably sophisticated political journal, could suppose that the question of taxation and spending was entirely tied to the ques-

WILFRID SHEED, author of the newly published *The Hack* (Macmillan), contributes a regular column to these pages.

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tion of national defense. *All* modern countries are caught up in this tangle, whatever the size of their armies. We are all Keynesians now: even President Eisenhower and General de Gaulle are getting with it. To write about the income tax without mentioning this is to project a simplicity that Mr. Wilson simply has no right to. Surely he must know that if he wants to argue with taxation he must take it up with Lord Keynes before he takes it up with the Pentagon.

In a curiously touching chapter, he attempts to explain how an old-line socialist happens to find himself railing like this against government spending. He seems to have expected that socialist taxation would be carried out in a spirit of continual fellowship and camaraderie. Even though he had already had some experience of Russian bureaucrats, he had supposed that ours would be different when the time came, better, wiser.

This is, of course, the perennial, though often unrecognized, question for the political left to answer, namely, what to do about the petty official. Assuredly heartlessness is not a bureaucratic invention; and again, you can have a perfectly splendid bureaucracy without a government attached to it at all. But the question remains: Can any government collect its money without resorting to the occasional Kafkaesque tactics described in this book? Can it, in other words, keep that fussy, inflexible little man from lodging, where he always lodges, halfway up the ladder of power, where he can madden the most people and travesty the most situations? Mr. Wilson's implicit solution, that the government should just leave his money alone altogether, can hardly be endorsed by men of the left—although astoundingly, some of them have managed both to praise the book and dodge the question: accepting, I can only suppose, the logical connection between germ warfare and Mr. Wilson's personal harassment, assuming, as he once did, that tax collecting for the *right* causes would be quite a different thing.

The small sadness connected with this book comes in seeing a man of Edmund Wilson's stature lay himself open to the taunts of such as *Newsweek* (typical monument-taunts: poor Mr. Wilson, when he gets onto politics; poor Bertrand, poor Albert). His very considerable powers of political analysis have shrunk in this instance to grumpiness, so that it is easy to say that they were never there at all. To take the most serious instance: a very good case could be made against our defense establishment and the myths that surround it; but to ignore, among many other things, the fact that Russia's post-war land-grab was rather greater than Hitler's pre-war one is to ignore one of the terms of the argument.

A greater source of sadness may seem at first glance to contradict what has been said above. It is quite in order for critics to rough-house with Mr. Wilson, but *some* respectfulness is still called for. As much as any author I can think of, he has served his country well. In a decent community, what a man is and what he has done should be recognized. Tax delinquency appears to be settled by a series of deals anyway, and perhaps one could complain that Mr. Wilson doesn't seem to have been given a specially good one. But this isn't quite the point. Mr. Wilson has been a credit to his country abroad and a source of ideas and confidence to its writers at home. The tax officials should have been told about that by someone; they should at least have called him "sir" and remembered who he was from one visit to the next.

And then, I suppose, things being as they are, they should have gone ahead and fined him. This book, at least, offers no plausible alternative.

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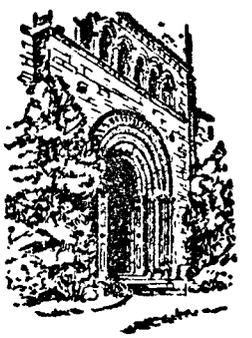

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New Statistics on an Old Problem

Religion and Career. By Andrew Greeley. Sheed and Ward. $5.

by George N. Shuster

FATHER GREELEY is a competent sociologist and so is his colleague at the University of Chicago, Peter Rossi, whose foreword to the book says that "to be a sociologist and a man of God is not a necessary contradiction." I am neither and so will refrain from judging the fact-finding apparatus or the manner in which it has been manipulated. The book is an interesting and impressive by-product of an inquiry into what the college graduates of 1961 thought of their undergraduate experience and what they were planning by way of careers. Since, however, sociologists like nothing so much as asking questions, there were a number in the "package" about family background, personal opinions and religious convictions. It was therefore possible to distil from the data a heady brew with which Father Greeley hopes to cheer the pessimistic observers who have been contending that from the point of view of scholarship and intellectual endeavor generally American Catholics add up to a gigantic collective zero.

The principal conclusions reached are these: the Catholic college graduate of 1961 was as eager to pursue non-professional graduate studies as was his fellow of any other religious persuasion or none; his chances for success were not likely to depend on whether he had attended a Catholic college; and from a religious point of view (notably apostasy) it seemed to make relatively little difference whether his alma mater was Harvard or Holy Cross. It must be borne in mind that these conclusions are based on "averages." That is, a study of any single Catholic institution, or of some college the general drive of which is toward "intellectual thought" as a substitute religion, would probably arrive at different conclusions. Indeed, some such studies have. We may also note that the evidence given is largely in the form of self-projections; and as we all know not every rosy-fingered dawn blossoms out into a bright day.

Nevertheless Father Greeley's book, which it should be noted is a sober set of tables preceded by a commentary, carries the discussion of Catholic participation in the country's intellectual life a good, firm step forward. Meanwhile, perhaps he throws down his gauntlet to critics like Monsignor Ellis with too much youthful abandon. After all they were not discussing the graduating class of 1961 but the record to date. Indeed they might claim without too great a sacrifice of modesty that perhaps they had helped to stimulate the improvement which can now be projected into the future. Even so the trend reported by Father Greeley has been evident for some time; and for my part I believe that it set in noticeably with the GI Bill which sent so many thousands of veterans to campuses after 1945. This was part of the upgrading of education which has steadily continued. Today American university faculties do not live on the salaries still paid to ministers of the Gospel. Theirs is an affluent society, at least in so far as the professorial caste is concerned, and may in time be denounced for plutocratic traits.

A great wave of "merit" scholarships and fellowships has since swept many of the nation's brightest young men and women into the colleges and the graduate schools. This has in turn virtually compelled institutions, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, to wean their best from a life of campus indolence and promote competition for the intellectual prizes. The result may be that the cleavage between the hothouse plants who are reared for the great inquisitorial days when Woodrow Wilson, Danforth and other committees gather their bouquets, and the vast array of "average students" has grown too wide. But if some Catholic young people and their instructors had not been infected with this splendid disease the conclusion could only have been that they were immune to everything except mediocrity. Whatever may have been wrong with Catholics thirty years ago, it was nothing so serious that it would show up as congenital weakness in younger generations. We may look forward rather confidently to a crop of Ph.D's some of whom may even accomplish interesting feats which are not usually to be expected from Ph.D's.

It may well be that Father Greeley treats the problem of college and university religious convictions too lightly. Most of us will agree that marriage is still the great catalyst in so far as campus apostasies and conversions are concerned. Catholic and other religiously oriented schools may sin by pumping too many theological infusions into young people's veins, thus upon occasion inducing nausea or even coma. But having been around for some time, I do not believe in the theory that the academic physician who prescribes no religion at all is likely to produce significant additions to the calendar of saints. Here is a subject which certainly needs further study and it is to be hoped that Father Greeley, having now completed one substantial inquiry, will proceed to investigate this one in turn.

Just a Reporter — and Then Some

The Most of A. J. Liebling. Simon and Schuster. $5.95.

by William James Smith

TIME magazine, a pet aversion of Liebling's, once said of a book of his that reading it through at a sitting was very much like a two-hour application of a scalp vibrator. But *Time* was all for him in apportioned doses. Like the *New Yorker,* Henry Luce's magazines tend to ignore or to smile benignly at their detractors.

It's very hard to dislike Liebling, of course. His distaste for publishers, for example, is so universal that no one of them could very indignantly feel that he had been any special

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target of Liebling's crusading malice. In the present anthology he even takes a pudgy swipe at the *New Yorker* itself, where practically all his material originally appeared. Ostensibly this piece is an obituary appreciation of Harold Ross, longtime editor of the magazine and creator of the immortal query, "Who he?" Ross's relation to his writers, Liebling says, reminds him of an old impresario acquaintance who always screamed at actors. His explanation was simple: "Because they are abnormal people. To abnormal people you got to talk in an abnormal voice."

His affection for Ross was mixed, Liebling admits, but he confesses too that he is seldom able to read *New Yorker* fiction, and he even wonders tangentially if Bunny Wilson knows as much as he is supposed to. Still and all, Ross was not the publisher of the *New Yorker* and Liebling's strictures on the magazine are relatively mild. We may confidently go on expecting to read A. J. in its pages for years to come. He first showed up there in 1935. It comes as a surprise to realize that he is not coeval with the magazine and even more that he was somewhat resentful of the old-timers on the staff. Reporting for the magazine before his era, Liebling says, was pretty shabby and he is frank about his sibling hostility toward some of the older contributors—the Companions of the Prophet, as the youngsters called them.

The amount of material that Liebling has fashioned for the *New Yorker* comes as something of a surprise too—ten or twelve volumes have already been culled for reprint. The current book is a selection running back over the last thirty years. All of Liebling's *specialités* are here—the wry whimseys of the big city, a reporter's war, boxing, food, the wayward press, orotund scoundrels with tales to tell. There is something for nearly everyone and only book reviewers (so I understand) are required to read from cover to cover. Some of Liebling's subjects I sigh and fidget over. Boxing is as uninteresting to me when it is written about well as when it is written about badly—I even wonder, indeed, if people who are interested in boxing would be much interested in Liebling. Christmas recipients, however, will have a fine potpourri to pick and choose from. I was delighted, for example, to reread a wonderfully excoriating review of Graham Greene's *The Quiet American*. On the other hand, there is just about as much of Colonel Stingo as I care to take. Fortunately, and I speak as a Chicagoan, there is none of Liebling's parochial nonsense about The Second City, though there is the splendid character study of Col. McCormick of the Chicago *Tribune*.

The *New Yorker* has doubtless done more to influence twentieth century American literature than any other force at work. Joyce and Hemingway and Faulkner pall beside it. Faulkner was a once-a-year emotional impact. The *New Yorker* arrived every week with its urbane short stories and its urbane reporting which were sometimes indistinguishable. No one ever shouted in the *New Yorker*, even when emotions ran high. The cry of the Young Turks today, though they may not know it, is not *Epatez la bourgeoisie*, but *Epatez le New Yorker*. But, of course, its excellence is of a sort not easily shocked. Eustace Tilley could always raise a cool monocle. This impeccable literary self-assurance is well represented by Liebling—though, oddly enough, his one piece of fiction reprinted in this book is not successful.

Liebling does something, perhaps, to explain the influence of the *New Yorker*. First of all he points out that there is no *New Yorker* "style," and that young people attempting to achieve this non-existent manner are usually imitating two or three quite dissimilar writers with inevitable failure. It was Thurber, I believe, who said that what chiefly characterized *New Yorker* writing was understatement. Liebling typifies this in the best sense. He refers to himself always as a reporter and he is proud that he reports what he sees, without attempting to interpret as an expert. He was not, he points out, a war correspondent who could cover the front and the Pentagon simultaneously, and from an office in New York City, at that. This autobiographical verisimilitude carries over into the best *New Yorker* fiction, too. As for Liebling, he might not tell you any momentous facts about World War II that you don't already know but he can, with slugging accuracy, tell you what it was like on one particular tanker voyage during those perilous years.

There's something else, too, of course. It's not all just good intentions. Good writing does not necessarily arise from a pure heart. Liebling himself has some amused words about writers who imagine that the art comes naturally, like falling off a barstool. Where his own mastery comes from he does not say, but we can be thankful for it.

The Various Audens

The Poetry of W. H. Auden: the Disenchanted Island. By Monroe K. Spears. Oxford. $6.75.

by Richard M. Ohmann

THERE IS an allegorical quality about Auden's career. Unlike his major competitors—Yeats, Eliot, Frost, Stevens, Pound—who withdrew from or actively opposed the drift of culture, Auden has always seemed to stand in a symbolic relation to the intellectual landscape. Appropriately, he was born into a scientific home. He was nurtured on psychology of the Freudian sort. In the political thirties he worked the left side of the street. The calamities of that decade convinced him, like others, that liberal humanism was a failure.

Like others, he embraced Christianity. His faith had a timely cast: it was existential, Kierkegaardian. Auden certified, as it were, the transatlantic migration of culture by choosing to make this country his home. Once here, he gravitated inevitably toward the universities, the new patrons of poetry. He helped found, not one, but two book clubs. At a time when poets have exercised their ingenuity trying to interest a wider public, Auden has accommodated his poetry to music by writing librettos. In an age of criticism he has done copious book reviewing, and has recently published a major book of criticism *(The Dyer's Hand)*.

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The list could be extended: Auden has occupied center stage through thirty years. For this reason, one feels that he should be the most approachable of poets—reading Auden should be like looking in the mirror. Yet his profile is somehow elusive. For one thing, although it is easy to understand how a *culture* may encompass a range of activities like those just enumerated, to fit them into one's sense of a single man stretches the imagination considerably.

Who is Auden? Where is his intellectual and moral center? If Auden has received more than his share of ill-conceived criticism—on grounds of inconsistency, irresponsibility, frivolty—part of the cause, surely, is his polymorphism. A line like "When the brokers are roaring like beasts on the floor of the Bourse" (1939) scarcely belongs to the same world, poetic or ideological, as "God bless this green world temporal" (1955), yet both are equally representative of Auden.

Nor can his work be taken as forming a neat progression, like that of Yeats and Eliot, for his later poems have a way of returning to early themes and styles. Perhaps the difficulty of summing him up or of seeing his career as a tidy drama accounts for the paucity of serious critical work on Auden. In any case, though his place in the anthologies and the curriculum marks him as a major poet, until now there has been only one general critical study of his poetry, and that a brief one, while books on Frost and Eliot drop from the presses almost monthly.

Monroe K. Spears's *The Poetry of W. H. Auden* should have, therefore, a tonic effect. In addition to providing useful background material for the poems (the book is excellent in its scholarship), Spears makes a start at uniting the various Audens into one poet. To this end, he successfully puts down some of the more misleading legends. For instance, Auden was not a genuinely political poet during the thirties, and the "Auden group" was three-fourths critical convenience, one-fourth reality. Auden was committed to left-wing causes, to be sure, but the focus of his verse was psychological—what Spears calls diagnosis.

In the thirties, as later, Auden was interested in detailing the topography of the emotions and the conscience, "extending our knowledge of good and evil." Or again, Spears is concerned to show that "Auden's religious position is not a denial but a fulfillment of his earlier beliefs; the religious values do not contradict the others, but clarify them and take them to another level." The ambiguous "political choice" of the early poems becomes the equally perplexing "existential choice" of the later ones. Similarly, the themes of guilt, isolation, and love are transposed into a new context, not abandoned. Out of diversity, then, Spears leads us to the point where we can sight the essential unities in Auden's work.

At the same time, it should be said that *The Poetry of W. H. Auden* suffers from a certain modesty of aim—its form is that of a chronological reader's guide, and Spears gives a good deal of space to summary of the longer works. As a consequence, he treats too many poems and in too little depth, and he too seldom allows himself analysis full enough to support his high estimate of Auden's poetry. Still, the study is welcome and useful. It approaches its subject without parochialism; it lays the groundwork for a more considered appreciation and understanding than we have had; and it will encourage the kind of criticism Auden deserves.

Religion on Campus

God on the Secular Campus. By Richard Butler, O.P. Doubleday. $3.95.

by W. E. Arnold

SOME BOOKS come with chips to be knocked off. This one announces the fact in its title. Like *The Bible in Spain* it practically challenges you to be for one of its components without being against the other. And like its near-namesake, William F. Buckley's defiant *God and Man at Yale*, it is not, finally, very helpful in solving the serious problem of the role of religion at American secular colleges and universities.

God on the Secular Campus is more in the nature of a jeremiad than a philosophical analysis. But it is hard to say whether Father Butler, who has written previously on George Santayana and who is now National Chaplain of the Newman Apostolate, is more a spokesman for Jehovah or for John Henry Newman. The argument of Newman's *Idea of a University* forms the chief support of Father Butler's response to the current situation. The only trouble with the use of Newman's classic, however, is that its idea is quite unworkable in that situation.

"A university by its very name professes to teach universal knowledge," Newman remarks. "Theology is surely a branch of knowledge. How then is it possible for it to profess all branches of knowledge, and yet to exclude from the subject of its teachings one which, to say the least, is as important and as large as any of them?" An impeccable syllogism; the trouble is that the secular university, which is, paradoxically, more directly the descendant of the medieval university than the religious universities as such, has declared itself incompetent to grant the second premise. Yet here too is an opening, for if the secular university cannot grant the premise, it can at least examine it. And Father Butler is surely right when he suggests that the least a free society can expect of its universities is that they provide the opportunity for a serious consideration of the elements of theology.

What chiefly mars Father Butler's book is, I think, an overly simple view of religion and, related to that, a fundamental dualism in his view of faith and "the world." There are times when he seems to equate religion with pious practice and the ungodly with those who cannot find Him in church or in the churches. Yet surely the celebrated "absence" of God on the secular campus is a witness to the failure of the churches to make His true presence known among men. Moreover, *God and the Secular Campus* would be guilty of a distinct disservice if it were taken to imply that all is well on the religious, especially Catholic, campuses. Religious education has quite a long way to go in all of our colleges.

Taking Father Butler at his word,

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however, it is still true that the secular colleges have a deep responsibility to contribute as much as they can to the development of their students' religious consciousness. They have in fact been guilty of fostering religious adolescence, among other sorts, for too long. What is more, the students themselves are beginning to be aware of this failure to educate on the part of the universities. They are beginning to demand more and better instruction in the history and interpretation of religion. The best of these students are not content to remain religiously illiterate, even if their universities would be content to keep them so. As Father Butler indicates, the secular colleges can indeed do very much more, and perfectly within the framework of official neutrality and religious pluralism, as the State University of Iowa has long shown.

If *God on the Secular Campus* is ultimately disappointing, that is mostly in view of what remains to be done, of what Father Butler did not seize the occasion to do. What is needed now, it seems to me, is more careful study, on the deepest level, of the claims of faith to a total response on the part of the individual who already accepts the view that only a religion which can command his intelligent assent can demand his ultimate commitment. Here one thinks more of Newman's *Grammar of Assent* than of his *Idea of a University*. Such a study would, moreover, be more basic in that it would take the measure of the individual's just claim on the university to provide the opportunity for studying the meaning and grounds of such an assent.

Landolfi's Art

Gogol's Wife and Other Stories. By Tommaso Landolfi. New Directions. $4.

by Thomas Curley

GOGOL'S WIFE, in the story of the same name, was a balloon. Her name was Caracas and, though not a woman in the strict sense, nevertheless, as she grew older, turned into a "bitter creature, querulous, hypocritical and subject to religious excess." The tragic climax of the marriage occurred on the celebration of the couple's silver wedding anniversary. As the narrator remarks, he confines himself to the facts and lets his readers make what they can of them. Those facts seem to be that Gogol killed his wife (burst his balloon) and her son as well; it is not completely clear whether Caracas had the son by Gogol or by a previous admirer.

In the longest story in the volume, "Two Old Maids," two spinsters, Lilla and Nena, keep a monkey who comes to a violent death thanks to his disreputable habit of stealing into a nearby chapel and celebrating Mass at midnight. The quarter of the city where this took place was named, ironically, Piazza Independenza: ironically, because any uninitiated observer would be struck by the sensation that on everything there lay an impalpable layer of thin gray dust. I mention this because, in an epilogue, we are informed that the graveyard where Lilla and Nena are buried seems to be covered by an "impalpable gray dust."

The original title of "The Death of the King of France" was "W. C." but a substitution was required. The "death of the king of France," the editor informs us, "is a phrase one often hears applied to musical compositions that are long and wearisome." From this story, which is less than fifty pages long and which, by the way, contains the most "poetic" account of the onset of a girl's first menstrual period I have so far read, I should like to borrow a sentence to introduce a brief critical comment. "It is enough to believe that one sees to see—insofar as it is true that nothing exists."

Insofar as it is true that nothing exists, one must read all of these nine stories in order to read one of them, for Landolfi's imagination is at once so cohesive and various that art, in mocking nature, creates that other country from which no traveller returns without a hole in his soul called love; and this hole will be neither whole nor symmetrical unless each story is related to every other, just as in music one must continue to hear the first movement while the successive movements are being played for us.

One must, particularly, read "Dialogue on the Greater Harmonies," in which a great critic admits with enthusiasm that "a work of art can also not have a common meaning; it can be made up of musical impressions alone and suggest to a hundred million readers a hundred million different things. It can be completely devoid of meaning." After reading all of these stories and re-reading some I am convinced that this, Signor Landolfi's first appearance in Eng-

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lish, will become an event of elusive and enigmatic controversy.

Had Columbus come back from the New World with nothing to prove he had been there, the more astute Europeans would have taken his stories with salt; but he brought his proof. Had I been told of Landolfi's stories without being presented with the volume, I'd have thought, skeptically, a likely tale. But the stories are here, in English, and he who reads may run.

The Wanderers

Young Americans Abroad. Edited by Roger H. Klein. Harper & Row. $4.95.

by Corinne Robins

THE SHORT TERM expatriates of "The Silent Generation" are beginning to talk. *Young Americans Abroad* claims to be an interim report on why increasing numbers of young Americans are going to live abroad and how they feel about what they have found in Asia, Africa and Europe. Four of its contributors are professional writers, and all nine received traveling grants plus official encouragement for their foreign jaunts. Obviously, these are not rebels living on their savings or off whomever and whatever they can. They are the part of their generation that played it safe and picked up their fellowships and went. Thus the book is almost a report from the "Academy" in exile. As such, it is occasionally interesting and vaguely disturbing.

Why go abroad? Several of the contributors had careers to further. Advanced work at the Institute of Latin American Studies, Islamic Studies, and graduate work in Soviet Affairs all testify to the purposes of their trips. Their "personal reports" thus suffer from a bad case of split personality. We see Russia, Iran, Brazil and Argentina through the eyes of tomorrow's experts, their human reactions already buried under paragraphs of jargon and statistics. Purpose gets in the way of perception, and these writers seem to harden under our eyes. The middle-aged romantic and the narrow old man in this book again travel thousands of miles to become themselves.

It is the "purposeless" travelers who sound a new note. Joseph Lelyveld, a Harvard graduate now on the staff of the New York *Times*, went to Burma for no particular reason. His "Burmese Days" is honest, evocative writing. Towards the end, describing a conversation with a Burmese of his own age, he eloquently states his own and many other young Americans' case: "I tried to describe the uneasy feeling I got whenever I had to think beyond next week or next month. All the choices that lay before me seemed to be between futility and immolation. I felt forced to chose and unwilling to do so. . . . I told Ko Yu more about myself and my friends, about the aimless wanderings, real and imagined, which we were forever hoping would lead somewhere."

It is this hope that their wandering may lead somewhere which sums up the predicament of groups of young Americans abroad. For many, "somewhere" finally means home. The book's one article on Europe—Chris-

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topher and Jane O'Reilly Jencks' "The Lonely Queue"—begins as a survey of grantsmanship and ends in a bitter diatribe against English culture and society. A year in Europe and the Jencks became Americans with a vengeance.

All nine contributors describe the physical hardships they met and vanquished—with some curious after-effects. In the case of Smith Hempstone, Africa's space, silence and wild beauty seem to have made a nineteenth-century colonial out of a young newspaper man from Washington. Hempstone, now permanently based in Kenya, admits he expects to return to America when the new African republics finally ruin the continent. Hempstone's article is counter-balanced by Julian Mayfield's Ghana report. Mayfield, an American Negro novelist, never became a professional expatriate. On the contrary, he manages to get in touch with the people and writes vividly of the aims of young Ghana while retaining his own identity. But Mayfield, of course, could never be caught up in the Great White Father dream.

No Armchair Muser

Jacques Maritain, the Man and His Achievement. Edited by Joseph W. Evans. Sheed and Ward. $5.

by Robert T. Francoeur

AS THE brilliant leader of living Thomistic thought in America, Jacques Maritain has lent his creative attention to practically every phase of philosophical speculation. No armchair muser, but a man deeply engrossed in modern realities, his writings over the past fifty years cover the range of pluralistic society and politics, art and esthetics, morality, education and mysticism.

To analyze, survey and evaluate these many aspects of Maritain's thought, to interpret both his work and the genius behind it, is the purpose of this collection of thirteen essays. It is regrettable that such a noble attempt tends often to drop to the level of a dry dissection and that it does not quite communicate the vitality of Maritain himself. This may be a hazard of such a study, but it is pleasant when some of the writers do rise above a mere analysis of logic and detail.

Yves Simon opens the collection with a biographical sketch subtly painted against the backdrop of Modernism, *Action Francais,* and such personalities as Léon Bloy, Bergson, and the mysterious Péguy. With his usual fine expository flair, James Collins shows Maritain's impact on American Thomism as a pioneer in the true spirit of Thomas. His pungent conclusion is a challenge to other American philosophers to face reality and follow Maritain's example of creative and courageous thinking: "he remains a philosophical frontiersman who has blazed some new trails without finding sufficient manpower to follow through for the purpose of testing, consolidating, and extending his gains."

That many of the virgin lands penetrated by Maritain have not been further developed by others is quite evident from these essays. The attraction of certain essays was not great, though the material was carefully proposed and logically, if somewhat dryly, presented. Yet the appeal of other topics is certainly more general and reaches beyond the realm of the professional philosopher. The discussion of the role of analogy in all fields of endeavor is well done by James Anderson of Villanova, while intuition and creativity in art and poetry is treated interestingly by Francis Fergusson.

The essays on mysticism, by Henry Bars, and on love, by William Rossner, pose a neat, if somewhat artificially contrived analysis. Msgr. Journet tackles his speciality, the meaning of history, in a succinct summary of the basic problem both theologian and philosopher find in *interpreting* history. Again Maritain's pioneer role is evident. The snipe at "myths and extrapolations" as useful explanations of the sense of history, though well aimed, reveals a personal bias of the author with which not all would agree. Father Leo Ward's exposition of Maritain's concern for and thought on education is especially revealing and well turned. All in all, this is a helpful survey.

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Yet in the thirty-eight years since its founding, the editors of The Commonweal have never looked upon its unofficial status as a handicap. On the contrary it has served to emphasize a vital requirement of Catholic life: that in his day-to-day life the Christian is called upon to apply, as a fallible man, his religious principles to the flux and flow of human events. As a Catholic he has the help of the teaching authority of the Church, whose obligation it is to enunciate and explain those principles. In the end, however, it is the individual himself who must apply them, who must give them life and relevance in the market-place.

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If the problems of American Catholics have changed drastically over the years, one change is especially noteworthy. Prior to the 1950's—though a great residue remains—American Catholics were prone to be defensive about their religion. There were good reasons for this: the forces of nativism seemed a permanent part of American life. What this meant was that a considerable part of Catholic thought was devoted to showing the compatibility of Catholicism and democracy. It also meant that Catholics were apt to ignore their own deficiencies.

In recent years, much of this has changed. For the first time, American Catholics are now willing to take a close look at their own performance, to measure their ideals against the reality of their actions. At the same time, a new awareness of the importance of the laity in the Church has burst upon the scene with astonishing force. Taken together these changes have meant a period of intense ferment, of bold thought and an honest examination of conscience. . . .

It is this drive for confrontation which has earned for The Commonweal the reputation of being a "liberal" weekly. It is not a description we would disavow. On the contrary, as nothing else ever could, the great wisdom of Popes Pius XII and John XXIII seems to us to have swept away forever the notion that the Catholic must only protect and preserve; or that the modern world is alien to the Church. No: the Catholic must be a "man for all seasons." That is what we stand for.

—from the February 15th issue

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